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DECEMBER 25, 1981

m. F. Buckley Jr. on
HE CATHOLIC
BISHOPS
—see page 1568

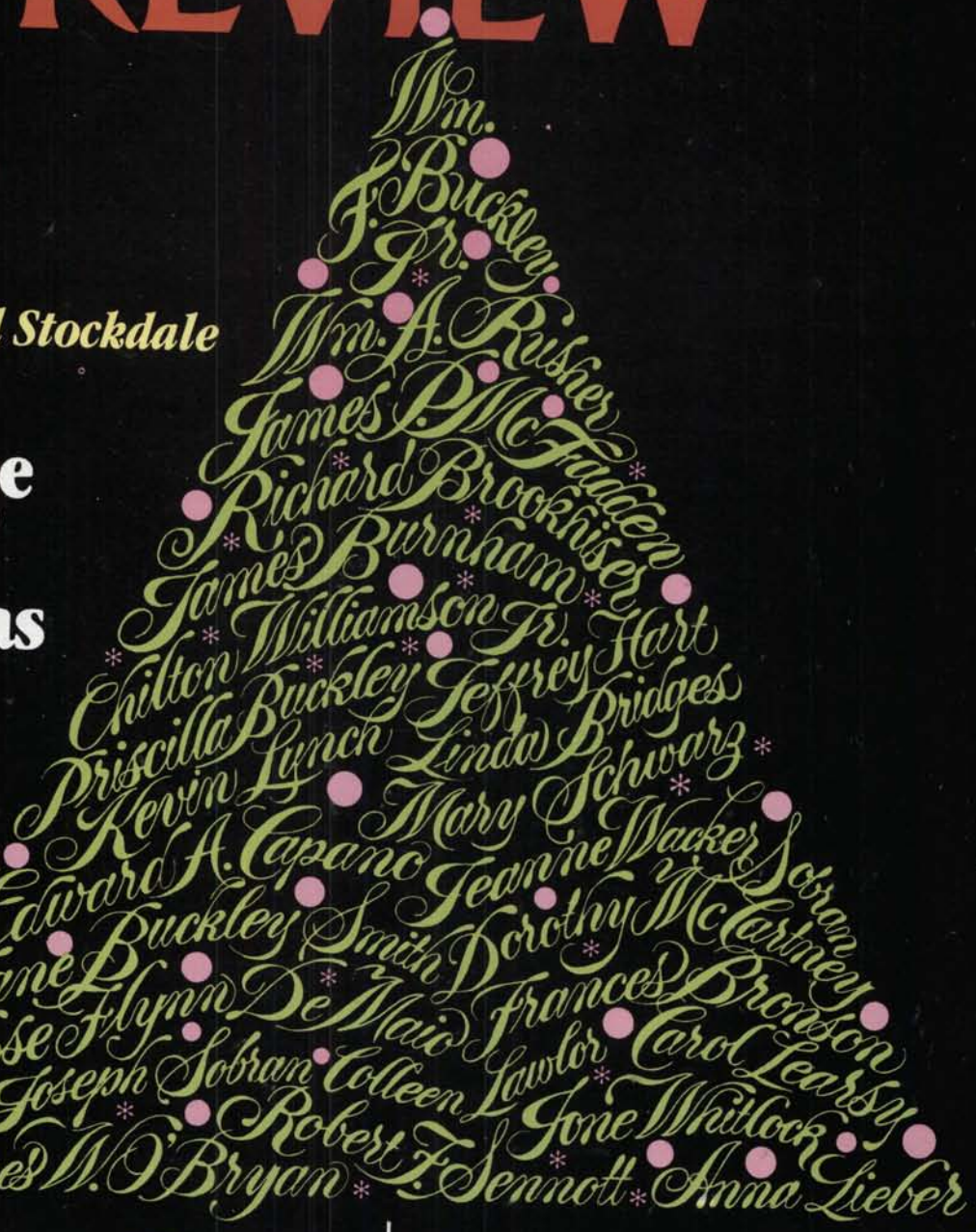
NATIONAL REVIEW

Grow— Or Die

James Bond Stockdale

The True Sprit of Chrismas

Aloïse Buckley Heath



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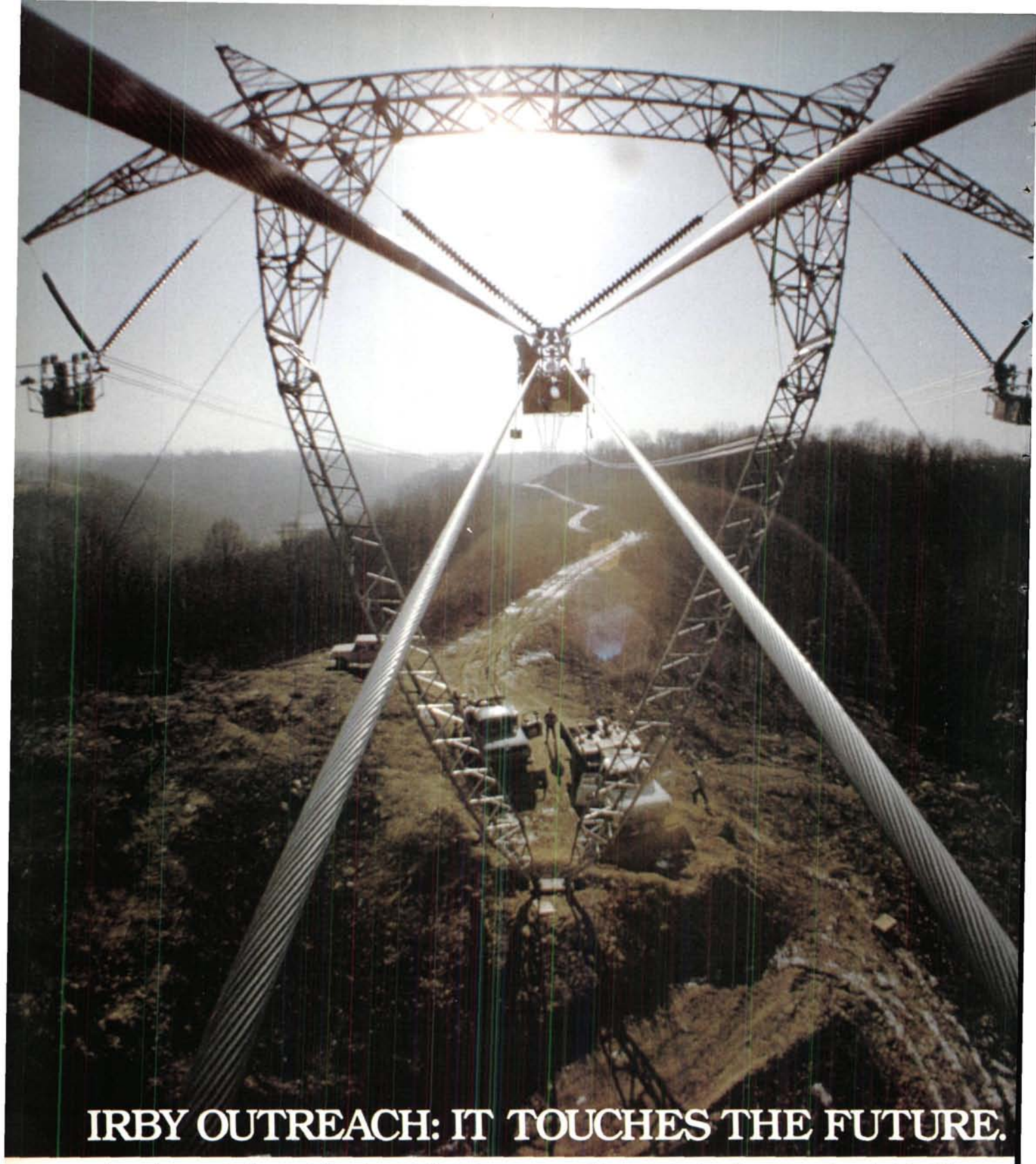

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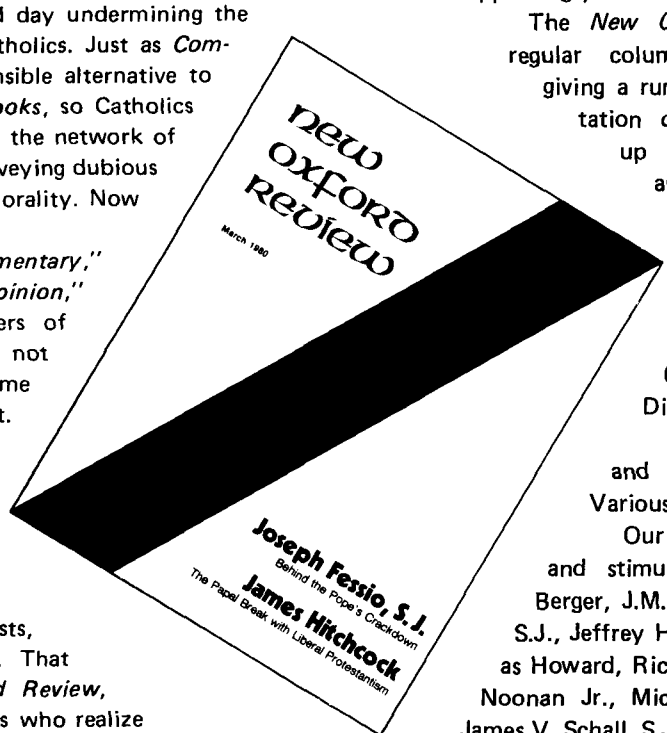

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NATIONAL REVIEW

DECEMBER 25, 1981
VOL. XXXIII, NO. 25
ISSN: 0028-0038

STOCKDALE
Page 1534

HEATH
Page 1538

CLOWES
Page 1540

MOLNAR
Page 1541

RODMAN
Page 1552

MILLER
Page 1553

Articles & Columns

1532 Father Pellecer's Story
A defector from Central America's Marxist Jesuits told his explosive story at a press conference. The American media ignored it; the Communists didn't.
Winston

1533 Pieties and Verities
What to hope for—and what to watch out for—in arms-reduction talks. *Brian Crozier*

1534 Grow or Die: The Melting Experience
Alone in a cell, isolated from other prisoners, threatened with torture, an American POW in North Vietnam realized what his mission was: to *build civilization. The tender mercies of Ho Chi* Minh concentrated the mind wonderfully.
James Bond Stockdale

1538 The True Sprit of Chrismas
The Heath children were not about to take the UN Declaration of the Rights of the Child lying down. Shortly before her sudden death their mother transcribed their remarks, which we here reprint, resuming our ancient Christmas custom, as a treat for new readers. And old ones.
Aloïse Buckley Heath

1540 The Twelve Days of Business
New lyrics inspired by the New Deal, the Great Society, and other Santa Claus impostors.
George Clowes

1541 Chile Restored
The military government has restored order and balance. Or at least the pre-Allende imbalance. Meanwhile, the Left is hard at work.
Thomas Molnar

1546 Remembering Cardinal Wyszynski
He taught Poland how to deal with Communism, and laid the foundation of Solidarity. His chief disciple is now Pope. *Farley Clinton*

1549 Comments on Conservatism and Modernism
Even as Birnam Wood came to Dunsinane, so do readers, editors, and young fogies everywhere rise as one against the manifesto of George Bernard Hart. A selection from our correspondence.

Books Arts & Manners

1552 ***Selden Rodman*** *welcomes a new biography that realizes the tragic stature of Douglas MacArthur. . . .* Robert Moss, co-author of *The Spike*, scores an even more horrific success with *Death Beam*, says **Alan L. Miller**. . . . **Thomas Mallon** has kind words for Edward Mendelson's *Early Auden*. . . . Ditto **Nereo E. Condini** for Italo Calvino's latest, a novel about reading an unfinished novel. . . . And **Mitchell S. Ross** emerges smiling from two books of fiction by a pair of highly feminine writers —women, as it happens. . . . Only **Joseph Sobran** is in a foul mood this week—too much TV, apparently. . . . **Ruth Berenson** surveys Western art —that's *Western*, pardner. . . . **D. Keith Mano** reflects on Russia's new martyrs.

Letters	**1518**
For the Record	**1520**
The Week	**1521**
Help!	**1544**
Abroad	**1551**
Dark Horses	**1563**
A Word Edgewise	**1566**
On the Right	**1568**
Trans-O-Gram	**1570**

Cover design by James W. O'Bryan

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RATES: *$24.00 a year (26 issues). Add $2.00 for Canada, $4.00 for other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.*

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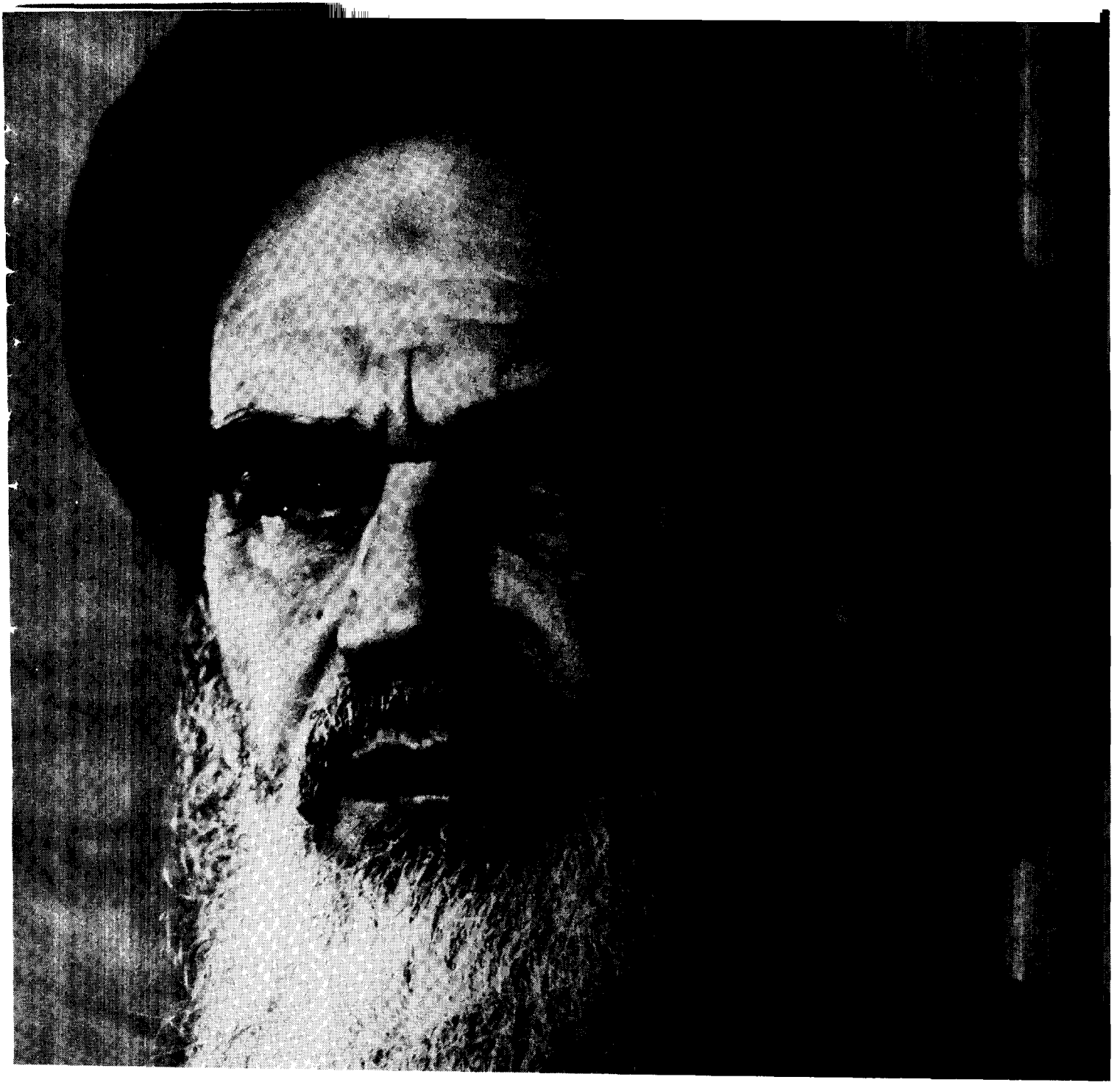

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Letters

Benn & Others

John Hutchinson's piece ["Red Britain in 1984?" Dec. 11] made me so mad I wanted to fling the magazine across the room. Not Hutchinson himself, I mean, but the idiots or worse that he describes. It brought back vivid memories of the events of seven or eight years ago, when the leaders of the two largest trades unions, being, as Hutchinson says, patriotic at bottom, tried to turn around and rally their troops in support of the newly awakened anti-socialists in the Labor Party: and the troops weren't there. They had gone off instead to follow the firebrand Marxist shop stewards—who had been encouraged in the first place by those very leaders who were now appalled at how far left they had gone.

The Hutchinson piece stirs another memory as well—this one, at least, with a trace of bitter humor in it. One must take one's pleasures as one finds them in these dark days, and I do take pleasure in the naïve, almost childlike transparency of "Tony Benn's" efforts to proletarianize himself. First, as Mr. Hutchinson recounts, there's the matter of his shedding, piece by piece, his names and titles. (Do you remember the days when he was referred to in the British press as "Wedgie Benn"?) But there's another little tidbit that's less widely known. I happened once to look up Mr. Benn in two different *Who's Whos* —one dating from 1970 or thereabouts, the other from 1974. In the former, the listing after *Educ.:* was quite normal for a man of his class—"Westminster School; New Coll., Oxford." But in the later one, his education was listed as "still in progress." As the copy-editor once said to the printer, Whom the hell do you think you're kidding?

Oswald Stanhope
Greenwich, Conn.

For the Record

I enjoyed Richard Brookhiser's profile "No Schmuck He" [Nov. 27], but I would like to make just one correction.

It was not I who learned English from a tutor hired by my mother. I went to public school. It was my mother who learned from a tutor when she was in her thirties. She did not speak English well, so she hired someone to teach her to read and write. I think she paid him fifty cents an hour.

I was amused by Mr. Brookhiser's reference because it sounded as if I were a rich little boy with a private tutor.

Edward I. Koch
New York, N.Y.

Trickle-Down

As regards the David Stockman mess ["On the Right," Dec. 11], on page 740 of the hardback edition of *Safire's Political Dictionary*, William Safire discusses the "trickle-down" theory. Apparently the phrase was invented in spirit, if not in precisely those words, by William Jennings Bryan in his "Cross of Gold" speech in 1896: "There are two ideas of government. There are those who believe that, if you will only legislate to make the well-to-do prosperous, their prosperity will leak through to those down below. The Democratic idea, however, has been that if you legislate to make the masses prosperous, their prosperity will find its way up through every class which rests upon them."

Safire traces this idea through to the 1932 presidential campaign, where Democrats "derided a . . . 'trickle-down theory' aimed at 'feeding the sparrows by feeding the horses.' "

I bring this up to highlight the inherent dishonesty of the media's horrified reaction to the "repackaging" of the trickle-down theory in the form of supply-side economics. The implication seems to be that Republicans are somehow cheating by refusing to describe their policies in terms that were invented by their *opponents*. The situation is analogous to a storm breaking over the head of LBJ's budget director for admitting that the Great Society was nothing more than a repackaging of "Creeping Socialism."

The fact is that the trickle-down theory was *never* an accurate description of how free economies raise the living standards of those fortunate enough to live in one. What has been driving liberals up the wall for the past year is that supply-side theory is not only accurate, but incredibly *effective* in bringing alive the moral and practical benefits of liberty.

Bruce Millard
New York, N.Y.

Grievous Ero

Ops! Mr. Field's [John J. Fifield] aprent prof ["Notes & Asides," Nov. 13] tha ther are fewr than four milon integrs betwn zero and one bilon, whil, his words, "clevr and amusing," is based on a "*grievous ero*," *viz.*, the asumption tha the postal servic may not use the same numeral more than once in a single zip code.

Brian G. Kendy [Kennedy]
Fals Chur [Falls Church], Va.

Correction

I am surprised that Svend Petersen

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["Trans-O-Gram," Nov. 13] would commit such a culinary error as asserting that people in the Middle Ages ate potatoes—smashed or any other way. The potato was discovered by Spanish explorers in South America in the sixteenth century and not developed to its present state until the nineteenth century.

Hal M. Hale
Highlands, N.C.

Greece

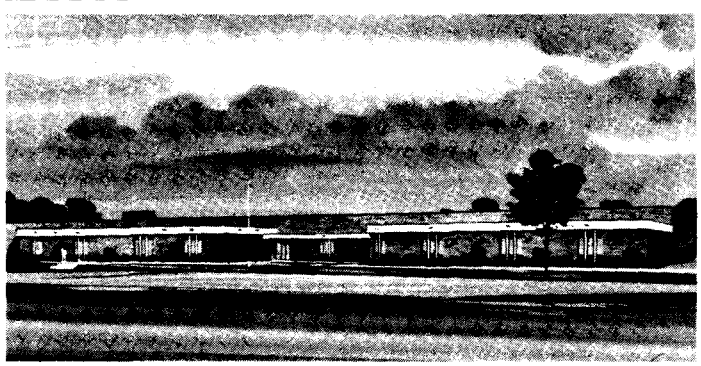
Brian Crozier's analysis of recent Greek politics is misguided ["The Protracted Conflict," Nov. 27]. First of all, it's important to make the point that Greek politics at its best is far worse than Italian politics at its dead level worst. Italian politicians hit each other with dead chickens and everyone smiles; Greek politicians actually scheme to kill each other, and this has nothing to do with ideology, history, or much of anything else: Greek politics is just plain mean as hell.

More specifically, the 1967 coup of the Colonels had nothing whatever to do with world strategies or anything that really corresponds to a Left-Right confrontation as a Western European would understand it. The fact is that the Greek army is largely recruited from poorly educated, religiously fundamentalist, rural people. It is fiercely jealous of the navy, which is more democratically oriented and has most of the brains in the armed services. In addition, it had had nothing to do for almost thirty years, and was frustrated. It was also filled with ritual fanaticism about the Turks and Turkey—half-witted slogans were bruited about in the 1967-74 period about "On to Istanbul!" The Colonels created a climate of revenge about Cyprus—though, to be fair, they never *tried* to oust Makarios; that only came when the generals fired the Colonels, tried to invade Cyprus, and then got themselves tossed out. Finally the Colonels, in their infantile religiosity, spent much more time torturing religious rebels and agnostics than Communists, whether Party members or otherwise. In fact the Communists thrived just wonderfully under the Colonels' beastly, if primitive, version of fascism—just see where they are today! As Pierre Goubert has pointed out about the *ancien régime*, radicals are not created by newspapers or parties, but by the heartless, senseless brutality of Christians and conservatives!

Crozier is right on geography: Greece is where it is, and we cannot, alas!, move it somewhere else. It is also, unfortunately, inhabited by Greeks, whose political history is incoherent, senseless, and extremely frustrating to everyone.

Douglas J. Stewart
Professor of Classical and Oriental Studies
Brandeis University
Waltham, Mass.

Freedom to grow, Brady style



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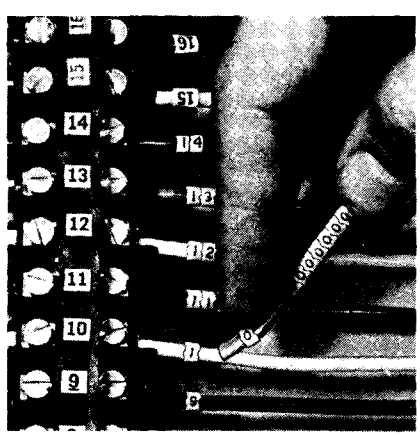

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FOR THE RECORD

■ In 1981 the international disarmament movement came out swinging, and much, much more is in store for '82. European disarmers were stunned last week when NATO Secretary General **Joseph Luns** charged that the extensive peace movement in Western Europe was Soviet-funded. Monsignor **Bruce Kent**, head of newly resurgent Committee for Nuclear Disarmament, replied: "[Luns's] charge is crude and dishonest in the extreme." . . . That point of view persists despite recent Dutch expulsion of **Vadim Leonov**, the TASS correspondent in The Hague, for involvement in peace demonstrations. According to **Robert Moss** (*The Spike, Death Beam*), Leonov told a friend shortly before his departure that he could bring fifty thousand people into the streets of Holland any time he chose. . . . **James Tyson**, in his book on Soviet disinformation, *Target America*, estimates the Soviets spend $3 billion a year on propaganda directed at foreign countries. . . . **Hans Apel**, West Germany's Defense Minister, says the anti-nuclear movement in his country is "organized and manipulated" by the Soviets. . . . And the campaign is having devastating effects. The Communist *Daily World* reports only 45 per cent of the British people think **Britain** should respond with nuclear or non-nuclear weapons "if Russia launched a nuclear attack on Western Europe." Another poll shows 53 per cent of the British want U.S. bases removed from the country. . . . Meanwhile in Tokyo, **Olof Palme** and his Independent Commission on Disarmament and Security met for three days in late November to map out coordinated international program of disarmament activities in '82, and in New York's Cathedral of St. John the Divine—Bishop **Paul Moore** presiding—the cats were at it. **Josephine Richardson**, a British Labor MP, accused the U.S. of "saber-rattling." And **John Collins** of Clergy and Laity Concerned outlined plans for a forty-city tour of the U.S. next spring featuring an assortment of international unilateralists. . . The **Campaign for a Nuclear Weapons Freeze** is new umbrella organization for U.S. peaceniks.

Jon, *London Daily Mail* Rothco

"Mr. Benn, shouldn't you be throwing eggs at Maggie, not me?"

■ Some year-end highs and lows: A poll of 22,000 **high-school high-achievers** shows them turning sharply right, *viz.*: 90 per cent favor higher defense spending; 55 per cent oppose abortion; only 10 per cent have smoked marijuana; 75 per cent are members of an organized religion; 68 per cent favor use of nuclear energy for power. Which makes them at odds with adult Americans, 56 per cent of whom oppose building more nuclear plants. That's a big switch from 1977 when 63 per cent favored more nuclear power. . . . In 1981 for the first time more than half of America's **children** (31.8 million) had working mothers and, for the first time, fewer than 60 per cent of American homes included a married couple. . . . American incomes in 1981 were up 124 per cent over 1971, but, says the **Tax Foundation**, the typical American family was net poorer (by $427) as result of 58 per cent inflation, tripled federal taxes. . . . The Sierra Club, Audubon Society, **Ralph Nader** notwithstanding, 77 per cent of the American people had not heard of Interior Secretary **James Watt**. Of those who had, 6 per cent approved of him, 14 per cent did not. . . . In the Self-Delusion Sweepstakes it was the drinkers over the smokers once again. **Gallup** reports that only 1 per cent of Americans consider themselves "heavy drinkers" as against 6 per cent who consider themselves "heavy smokers." . . . And **Amtrak** did it again: by 1981, the average speed of passenger trains had been brought down from 75 mph (in 1955) to 40 mph.

■ Two dates to circle: February 1, start of **National Journalism Center**'s winter/spring 14-week session in practical journalistic skills (and, ho-ho, the free-market economy: students receive $100 per week). For info: write NJC, 600 Penn. Ave., S.E., Suite 207, Washington, D.C. 20003. . . . On February 26 President **Reagan** will address 1982 Conservative Political Action Conference in Washington. CPAC is co-sponsored by American Conservative Union YAF, *Human Events*, and *NR*.

■ Hand it to **David Frye** (as quoted in **Nancy McPhee**'s *The Second Book of Insults*) for best description of **Gerald Ford**: "He looks like the guy in a science fiction movie who is the first to see the Creature."

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THE WEEK

■ *Washington Post* columnist Haynes Johnson observes that "the sensational charges and countercharges surrounding the 'Libyan hitmen squad' reports are setting a new standard of incredibility." The "public nature of the accusations," he adds, furrowing the Johnson brow, "raises serious questions" about them. The Administration "has been building a concerted case, through statements and leaks to the press, of the gravest sort of charges against Qaddafi and his regime." Imagine that! Against poor Qaddafi, who was calling for Anwar Sadat's death up to the day before his assassination! Look at it this way, Haynes—suppose Qaddafi had a CIA, with no Tripoli Ethics Committee restraining it?

■ Alfred E. Kahn, the Carter Administration's anti-inflation shaman, has at fellow liberals in *Challenge* magazine. ". . . They have devoted too much of their energies . . . to promoting the competitive scramble for income shares. Liberals have been much too hesitant to admit that a labor union can do wrong. There is something that still offends them in saying, 'You know, the automobile workers have really been screwing the rest of us, including their own unemployed,' because the UAW is a good union and Doug Fraser is an enlightened union leader." Asked by the interviewer to explain the phrase "screwing the rest of us," Kahn continues: "By having automobile wages increase twice as much as average wages in the last decade, and by sitting by while that was simply translated into higher and higher prices of poor-quality cars. The automobile workers who have retained their jobs have been exploiting those who have lost their jobs, who are now losing their homes in Detroit and being forced to uproot themselves and move down to Houston. In effect, the auto workers are also exploiting the ladies' garment workers and others who have been getting wage increases lower than the national average. Liberals should consider the exploitation of market power just as offensive when wielded by unions as by industry, even when those unions are well-run, not corrupt, not feather-bedding."

■ *Hold the tofu, hold the lettuce / Sore reporters don't upset us:* The *Washington Post*'s news writers and columnists had been waging an uproarious food fight with the Reagan Administration over the lunches served in the nation's school cafeterias. Ketchup flowed in the aisles, and by-standers ducked flying chunks of bean curd. Then some killjoy *Post* editorial writer decided to look into the actual facts about the Administration's school-lunch proposals, and found that the critics were telling some whoppers. For example, it was school districts with Oriental pupils, not budget-cutters in Washington, that had asked if bean curd (tofu) could be counted toward the protein minimum. As the *Post* editorialist acutely put it, "leave something out of the diet and you're guilty of ethnic insensitivity; put it in and you'll get egg foo yong on your face." What's more, the "notion of substituting ketchup for vegetables *never appeared in the proposals at all.* It was a horrible possibility conjured up by nutrition advocacy groups"—federally funded, incidentally—"as something that state agencies might do under color of a new authority to increase menu variety." In reality, the editorial sensibly concluded, giving states some leeway is likely to make lunches better, not worse. None of the critics has yet come forth to admit being hoodwinked by the school-lunch lobby. When whoppers are spread with great relish, it seems, truth takes a long time to catch up.

■ In the wake of Watergate, United States intelligence operations were severely curtailed—some would say crippled. President Reagan has now issued an executive order removing some of the more absurd restrictions then placed upon the Central Intelligence Agency. Under the new dispensation, the CIA will be able to gather information domestically and, under presidential order, conduct covert domestic operations. Despite a few routine shrieks of horror, none of this is particularly startling. It is welcome chiefly because it represents a healthy change of direction. If you feel immensely threatened, like Representative Don Edwards, a California Democrat, please check the following box ☐ and mail it to former Senator Frank Church.

■ The Soviets are beginning the newest round of arms talks in typical fashion, by lying. A Russian propaganda leaflet, circulating widely in Western Europe, by one Lieutenant General Nikolai Chervov, asserts that there are "about one thousand" missiles on each side, hence a European balance. Chervov arrives at his figures by: counting FB-111As based in the United States; assuming that all of the Sixth Fleet's aircraft

The Public Sector

Just days before Christmas I dashed off to mail
Some goodies from Santa which needed the scale,
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But lines stretching all the way into next year!
As clerks in a snit cast a venomous pall,
I left, with a digital gesture to all.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Ronald Reagan the peacemaker. That's the topic of conversation, skeptical or convinced, in this city during the holiday season, with its Christmastide sentiments of peace and hope. The President's foreign-policy address before the National Press Club in Washington on November 18 is still very much on people's minds, it being perfectly wrought, timed, and executed —in fact, a seminal work.

The central "zero-option" proposal of that address is that if the USSR removes its existing six hundred mobile missiles now deployed in Europe, the U.S. will cancel the installation of our cruises and Pershing IIs in 1983. What the speech said by implication, however —by the very fact of its having been given—is perhaps more important: Ronald Reagan said that he wanted to be a peacemaker, that his essential belief in the validity of linkage was not so rigid or doctrinaire as to prevent him from talking to the Soviets about disarmament.

For over a year and a half, during his campaign and during the first ten months of his Presidency, Ronald Reagan has been using tough anti-Soviet, anti-Castro, anti-Sandinista, and, more recently, anti-Qaddafi invective, so tough in fact that he had obscured the fact that he had long been a proponent of rational, verifiable arms agreements, and that agreements must not simply limit overall arms numbers but lead to reductions in them.

Prior to November 18, Reagan had been perceived as implacably hostile to the Soviets. A cloud of belligerence had developed, and was bloating itself on a kind of self-fueling energy. The effect was unsettling, here and abroad. Then, at precisely the moment of outer limit, the cloud was dissipated—a bright reprieve that made not only the U.S. breathe a sigh of relief, but Western Europe. How cheering it was to hear the President disclose that seven months earlier—from his hospital sickbed, recovering from the wounds of a would-be assassin—he had in his own hand written a letter to Brezhnev calling for peace, and to hear him read long segments from that poignant communication.

This is not a criticism of the Reagan Administration's foreign policy as being unnecessarily bellicose. At the outset of his Administration, the President wanted to make clear to our friends that they were indeed, and still are, our friends. He formed a kind of *entente*, or coalition, or loose alliance of nations that shared our view that the USSR is bent on encroachment, and consequently is a threat to world order. The effect of this was to divide the world into the Soviet and the anti-Soviet camp, a configuration that some regarded as *simpliste*.

But he also saw the absolute need of rearming the United States. The we/they dichotomizing would also serve as a public propaedeutic, permitting increases in the defense budget when everything else was being cut. And Reagan learned a few things in the process —notably that to bring the Europeans along and get them to accept his portrayal of the two-camp world he would have to concomitantly pursue disarmament talks in a serious way.

Peace talk makes hard-liners nervous today. They will correctly point to Chancellor Schmidt's description of the U.S. position as "maximalist," meaning that it must be retreated from; to the U.S. media (such as the *New York Times*) congratulating the President but clamoring for compromise with the Russians already; to the State Department, already showing a concessionistic frame of mind; to Eugene Rostow, head of our Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, looking quite pliant, if not soft, especially in his appointment of soft-liners. All of this, as noted, may be true, but it ought not lead to the conclusion that the peace game is not worth the candle.

Reagan's view of peace is not that of a sentimentalist: he sharply distinguishes, for example, between peace and appeasement. "The dustbin of history is littered with the remains of those countries that have relied on diplomacy to secure their freedom," he has said over and over again through the years.

Politically speaking, Reagan is ideally positioned to be a peacemaker. It is the same principle that operated with Richard Nixon. Only Nixon with his impeccable credentials as a fire-eating anti-Communist could have penetrated the People's Republic of China. Hubert would have given the country a nervous breakdown.

Temperamentally, one wonders whether Ronald Reagan is as committed to peace as he is to, say, cutting taxes, or cutting waste in government, or cutting the budget. By disposition, he is a very kindly person, without a trace of malice, and with a low threshold for disharmony in his social and professional interactions. But is Reagan hooked on peace? Probably not. Or, more accurately, not yet. Students of the November 18 speech and its effects, however, are asking whether Reagan's larger destiny at this historical juncture, with his special mix of political and personal strengths, might not well be to restore the U.S. economy, reindustrialize and rearm the nation for the end he himself has often pointed toward—peacemaking.

—CATO

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carriers are stationed in the Mediterranean at one time; ignoring 350 long-range Russian SS-12 missiles, while counting their American Pershing I counterparts; and conveniently forgetting 980 Russian fighter-bombers. The real balance, as tabulated by *The Economist*: Weapons: NATO—864, Warsaw Pact—2,442; warheads: NATO—1,109, Warsaw Pact—3,502. Better check your adding machinesky, Chervov.

■ Some of the boys at Ulan Bator U. were having a rap session the other day when a passing *Pravda* correspondent strolled in. And was he impressed! Were the undergraduates talking about the golden days of rape and plunder of the Golden Horde? Or of hoisting one or two with the Mongol maids in a neighboring felt-covered yurt? No. They were discussing the *perfidious attempts* of the United States imperialists "to *drown the Cuban revolution!*" But they were elated by America's inability "to shrink the will and determination of the heroic Cuban people." When they heard their visitor was from Moscow, one of the lads, D. Bor, Secretary General of the Mongolian Revolutionary Youth, implored him to make known to the world that "Mongolian youth, together with all progressive and democratic youth of the planet, resolutely protest against the Reagan Administration's schemes

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to invade Socialist Cuba." In due course the story found its way into the pages of the *Daily World* (Nov. 21).

■ As we go to press, the Sakharovs have reportedly been released from the hospital where they were forcibly confined during their hunger strike. It has been a huge scandal, but not entirely inconvenient to the Soviets. The nice-guy phase of detente is over, and this quotidian disgrace will probably cost them little. Meanwhile, their non-Stalinist lenity has quieted Western opinion: the case is filed under "human-rights violations," as if this were an anomaly under socialism. Millions of quietly desperate, vodka-sodden non-dissidents don't get indignant editorials and columns written about them; the essential monstrosity of a state that assumes command of an entire nation's wealth and imposes its own purposes on countless human beings is somehow not a subject of human-rights concern.

■ The instant conventional wisdom on the by-election triumph of Shirley Williams, Social Democrat, is that the English voters chose a "moderate" in preference to the "extremism" of Tories and Labor. The truth of the matter is that Mrs. Williams is a socialist—an anti-Soviet socialist, like François Mitterrand. It's good to be anti-Soviet. Absolutely. No question. But socialism—pro- *or* anti-Soviet—doesn't work. Mrs. Williams (like Mitterrand) wants to nationalize all things, including education. In effect she wants to turn back the clock on the Labor program to (say) 1970. In choosing her, the voters of Crosby voted, inchoately, for the change the Thatcher government has failed to deliver. If the Social Democrats can break the dictatorship of the trade unions, they will merely have paved the way for, without actually providing, sound government.

■ Looking up from his turkey, Anthony Lewis of the *New York Times* paused to reflect on the meaning of Thanksgiving: "One of the distinctive aspects of American culture was and is an expression of community." Uh-oh. In Tony-talk, "community" means redistribution. Sure enough, the bottom line: "America is not synonymous with individual greed." ("Greed," in Tony-talk, means wanting to keep your own earnings.) How is "community" a "distinctive" trait of American culture? Never mind. The Pilgrims, whether they knew it or not, came here to build socialism. Having insinuated which, Tony returned to his turkey.

■ At 12:01 A.M., November 21, the Federal Government technically ceased to exist, and our deliverance was at hand. Painful to report, somebody noticed and revived the damn thing before any meaningful economic recovery could occur. But there is still hope. The temporary legislation that saved it will expire December 15, after which the government will once again disappear. What say we give it a try this time?

■ *NR*'s Litotes Review Board finds that the Senate Intelligence Committee's finding that William Casey is "not unfit" to head the CIA is not unusually unintelligent.

$109 Billion?

David Stockman's computers whirred and clicked, and the estimated federal deficit for fiscal 1982 grew to $109 billion—the first duodecimal-digit deficit ever. The announcement had a sobering effect on all parties. The President's economic advisors edged perceptibly closer to the radical "deficits-don't-count" position. The members of Congress who have been beating the drums for higher social spending fell silent for a moment, fearful of what their din had wrought. The few remaining Keynesians, trained reflexively to howl for a bigger deficit in times of recession, found themselves with nothing to say. The traditional conservative economists, sure that big deficits goose the inflation rate and crowd out private borrowing, were perplexed that both inflation and interest rates were falling fast. As Stockman likes to say, no one really knows what's going on with all these numbers.

Liberal democrats have no ground from which to launch any believable criticism of the deficit. For a whole year they have blocked budget cuts that would have helped close the gap. They seek cuts in defense, but only in order to shovel more money into social spending, which leaves the deficit unchanged. Following Keynesian theory, they deliberately built mechanisms into the federal spending apparatus that automatically increase the deficit when the economy falls into recession.

If a deficit of this size can't drive home the need for big spending cuts, nothing ever can. Now, perhaps, there will at last be an end to the guerrilla warfare waged against President Reagan's budget cuts by Congress and even by some of Reagan's own appointees in the agencies. Congress will also have to consider biting the bullet and cutting the so-called "entitlement programs"—many of them not "entitlements" at all, but merely promises made years ago by free-spending politicians who have long since left office.

Geneva Realities

The white-locked American negotiator comes across as elegant, his notably younger Soviet counterpart seems unobtrusively affable, and so, by media consensus, the superpower negotiations at Geneva on Theater Nuclear Forces in Europe are off to a handsome

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start—an occasion reassuring to those who believe that all is well so long as chilled diplomats keep talking.

Yet the basic difficulty persists: the superpowers are at loggerheads over Europe's—for that matter, the world's—future. That engrossing difference aside, a mutually acceptable quantitative formula for a TNF standoff would presumably be readily arrived at. By the lesson of experience if not of logic, arms-limitation agreements are elusive in the absence of a wider accommodation in the political category. With realities as they are, the Geneva parleying is likely to go on and on in the fashion of the negotiations for mutually balanced conventional-force reductions in Europe—so long in progress (if that is the fitting word) as to be no longer noticed.

The Soviet missiles pertinent to the Geneva parley are in place and increasing by scheduled increments. The countervailing U.S. emplacements are in a highly iffy offing. An argument against actually introducing them while negotiations are still in progress is bound to gain strength as time goes on. So protraction is all too likely to be to the Soviet Union's advantage.

Diplomatic skill on our side cannot displace that inherent circumstance, but acumen may be of help eventually—one can at least hope—in straightening out the bent logic by which European throngs in the city streets vilify the U.S. as the source of the nuclear threat to Europe. Though often miscalled so, the task is not simply one of enlightening the oncoming generation. The Willy Brandts of Europe come in all age groups.

The Fizzle at Fez

Would the U.S. accept Saudi Prince Fahd's terms for an Arab-Israeli settlement and get Israel also to accept them as a basis for negotiation?

Prince Fahd could only smile mutely when the question was put during a Foreign Ministers' session, preliminary to the Arab League summit in Morocco called to consider the Fahd initiative for an alternative to the Camp David approach. The implicitly negative response doomed the Arab summit—not to the astonishment of those who asked the question. The full session was over almost as soon as it had begun.

Fahd's formula was intended only as a starting-point, not as a take-it-or-leave-it proposition. The notion of getting U.S. acceptance and Israeli submission in advance was fantastic, and the Arab governments' delegates must have known so. The query so broached at that juncture was a rhetorical cover-up, not a request for information.

The figure pre-eminently in a position to rub his hands over the outcome was Muammar el-Qaddafi, Libya's dictator, who stayed away and had his subalterns surreptitiously make known his intentions to focus Libya's resources for radio propaganda on any Arab regime affirmatively disposed toward the Fahd initiative. The threat sufficed—without any need to allude to sterner measures. The participants either remained quiet or called up outworn slogans of Arab distaste for the very fact of Israel's existence. Peace with Israel became undiscussable.

For all the ritual acclamations of Arab unity at Fez, a basic reality common through Arabdom remains, as in the past, an evocative language almost uniquely adapted to the utterance of fanciful intransigence. Arab peoples vary, one from another, in degrees of susceptibility to such romancing, but none is immune. Arab regimes vary in the strength of their foundations; the weakest among them are woefully sensitive, lacking in self-assurance, and cowed by the idea of a mob in the streets. The combination affords vast opportunity to the demagogy of a Qaddafi. The chances for a rational settlement of Arabdom's feuds—especially the grudge against Israel—must be at discount so long as his ilk is about.

Words to Watch For

When Soviet misbehavior simply gets too outrageous even for liberals to ignore, we are warned against "overreacting"—which covers most forms of reacting. The liberal-watcher will be on the alert for these special modes of saying one thing by means of another. Note, too, the proliferation of liberal defense "experts" who hibernated through the Soviet military buildup of the Seventies, but who rush forth at the first sign of a belated American response to caution us against starting "a new arms race."

Meanwhile, that liberal's liberal Walter Mondale, his eye on 1984, has been all over the place calling himself not a liberal but a "progressive." Shades of Lincoln Steffens and Henry Wallace! But what, exactly, is "progressive" about their style of politics? It no longer seems forward-looking to come back from the Soviet Union exulting, as Steffens did, "I have been over into the future, and it works."

In the ordinary sense of the word, "progress" means man's conquest of nature. But the idea doesn't apply to politics in the same way: real political advances occur when the power of government is *limited*, not —as "progressives" would have it—increased. Citizens are not raw materials out of which their rulers may "build new societies." They are intelligent, purposeful creatures whose efforts are rendered futile and absurd when the state imposes its purposes too heavily on them. Which is why "progressive" regimes blight progress in the ordinary and genuine sense: a point to remember as the liberals switch labels again.

Meanwhile, a sign of hope: the liberal catch-word "compassion" has been treated with increasing irony, most recently—believe it or not—in the pages of *The New Republic*. Intelligent people seem to be getting

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the point that an ideal of concern translated into reality by the compulsive powers of the state loses something in the translation.

War of Words

The world is now privy to the worst-kept secret in Poland: Solidarity wants to do away with Poland's Communist government. On December 7, Warsaw radio broadcast tape recordings reportedly made a few days earlier at a closed meeting of the leaders of Solidarity. Excerpts from the tapes found their way into *Trybuna Luda*, the Polish Communist Party daily, which quoted union leader Lech Walesa as saying: "The confrontation [between the government and the union] is unavoidable, and the confrontation will take place. We have to awaken people to that. I wanted to reach the confrontation in a natural way, when almost all social groups were with us. But I made a mistake because I thought we would keep it up longer and then we could overthrow these parliaments and councils and so on."

The Solidarity leadership appears startlingly undismayed by the publication of these tapes, perhaps with good reason. Almost since its founding, the union has been seeking ways to solve its most intractable internal problem: a radical rank and file pressing the leadership to take immediate action. The tapes, if nothing else, let the rank and file know that the leadership is firmly in agreement with them on ultimate goals. Differences arise over the tactics for winning what everybody in Poland understands to be a war.

Discipline, Please

Deputy Secretary of State William Clark, a very able and intelligent official, has just publicly opined in London that the American people favor—pray for!—a unified Ireland. David Stockman, also obviously intelligent, gave that *Atlantic* interview to William Greider. Alexander Haig, whose personal abilities no one has ever doubted, said something about a demonstrative nuclear blast in the event of war in Europe. Richard Allen has been, at the very least, untidy.

Now the *content* of all these episodes is not our point for the moment. Stockman's economic opinions may or may not be correct, but he has caused political damage. A unified Ireland may be desirable, undesirable, or both—but Clark's remark was out of order. Allen doesn't need wrist watches, and Haig should not be talking about nuclear blasts. The issue here is one of political professionalism. High officials are not supposed to lead public seminars. They are supposed to exercise professional judgment. When they cause needless political damage, they simply are not functioning as professionals.

It ought to be abundantly clear that the media will scrutinize every sentence uttered by important members of the Reagan Administration, and will use every vulnerable phrase to "Carterize" Reagan—make his Administration appear amateurish and inept. During World War II, a widely distributed poster proclaimed: "Loose Talk Costs Lives." The President should adopt that for his Administration.

Korchnoi's Complaint

Russian World Chess Champion Anatoly Karpov has successfully defended his title, defeating Russian émigré Viktor Korchnoi in the championship match for the third consecutive time. Their first match was played while Korchnoi was still a Soviet citizen. Then, about five years ago, he defected and denounced the government. Since then, the Soviets have refused to allow his wife and son to leave the country.

The Soviet government has always, even before Korchnoi defected, favored Karpov, a loyal Communist and promising young player who was being groomed to challenge Bobby Fischer. Recently, the Soviets have tried to portray Korchnoi as a paranoiac and a prima donna. Korchnoi himself notes that his concern for his life might be called paranoid. But, he adds, "there is no difference between paranoia and real fear in Russia."

Korchnoi's story provides occasion for reflection on a startling fact: Russian chess players have been emigrating in considerable numbers even though the Soviet Union is by far the strongest country in the world in chess. Former World Chess Champion Boris Spassky now lives in France. The Israeli women's Olympiad chess team consisted entirely of Russian émigrées. The 1981 U.S. Closed Championship included four Russians. It is as if droves of baseball players were leaving America to play in Italy.

Great chess masters have a reputation for being highly intellectual, individualistic, and eccentric. Still, most of them never emigrate from their native lands. But chess masters in Russia may well be misfits in the sense that the independence characteristic of them

You'd Pout Too

Clearing it with Sidney
Used to be the drill
When Big Labor carried
Clout upon the Hill.
Now nobody gives them
Anything to clear,
Which is why they're pouting,
Bringing up the rear.

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may not be compatible with the Soviet system. These specialists in abstract thought evidently feel so incapable of conducting their lives in a satisfactory manner under that system that they must pack up and leave. The simple eloquence of their flight highlights the problems that even non-political creativity poses for Communism. —EUGENE MEYER

Vivat Vergilius

One hundred generations of Western schoolchildren have stumbled, embarrassed, over the tortuous Latin syntax of the Roman poet Vergil. Miraculously, and in spite of painful memories of this first acquaintance, quite a few of us have gone on to love him. This year marks the two-thousandth anniversary of the death of the man Eliot saw as being "at the center of European civilization, in a position which no other poet can share or usurp."

The circumstances of his death are themselves notorious. In 19 B.C. Vergil set out for Greece, intending to spend three years there polishing his *Aeneid* and then devote his remaining days to philosophy. At Athens, he met the emperor Augustus returning from the East, who persuaded the poet to accompany him back to Italy. Vergil fell ill en route, and, shortly after his arrival at the Italian port of Brindisi, he died, on September 21.

Tradition long maintained that, a perfectionist in his final hours, he begged those around him to destroy the unfinished *Aeneid*, but that Augustus forbade it. Scholarly opinion now runs to the view that Vergil merely meant for his working manuscripts to be destroyed, copies of the poem already being too common in Rome to permit its total suppression. Augustus did ask Vergil's friend and literary executor Varius—a poet himself—to edit the *Aeneid*, which he published in only slightly altered form, "*summatim emendata*." The story, however, has sent shivers down the spines of readers ever since. Without Vergil, our literary history, perhaps even our history itself, would have been very different.

Princeton University recently sponsored a two-day conference at which nearly a hundred readers and scholars of Vergil examined the facts about his death and various facets of his literary fortunes. Vergil and his admirers are still very much alive indeed.

Dante, at their first meeting in his own great poem, called Vergil "that fount which pours forth so broad a stream of speech." Even historically this is true. In addition to his personal achievement, Vergil has shaped the literary imagination of the Western world. Medieval Latin literature and the several early vernacular literatures of Europe are saturated with him. The Middle Ages regarded him as both author and authority, sage, magician, and, in his fourth *Eclogue*, prophet of the coming of Christ.

Dante takes him as a faithful guide through Hell and Purgatory, respecting him enough to leave him just short of Paradise—Vergil's grand vision of *pietas* and the sad *lacrimae rerum*, even of the highest human endeavors, not quite reaching the Christian vision of joyful hope and beatitude.

"Wielder of the stateliest measure ever molded by the lips of man," wrote Tennyson of him. Stateliness has yet to find its audience in the modern world, but wherever literate men are moved by noble deeds, Vergil will be an honored name, a guide, an inspiration, a possession forever. —ROBERT ROYAL

That Damned Shroud

The *New York Times*, day in and day out, is one of the major voices, implicitly and explicitly, of the secularist *Weltanschauung*. From its perspective, the Shroud of Turin is a real pain in the neck. The damned thing *does* seem to be *authentic*, and it keeps getting more and more media attention. Whatever its historical interest, all of this is certainly not good for the secularist cause, and so, at long last, the *Times* has addressed itself to the problem of the Shroud in a major editorial.

But to accept its secularist perspective the *Times* actually demanded of its readers a staggering leap of faith.

In support of its view that the Shroud is a medieval fake, the *Times* relied upon two pieces of evidence: the reported 1357 opinion of the Bishop of Troyes that it had been "cunningly painted," and the statement by the present-day scientist Walter McCrone that traces of chemicals associated with pigment are present in the cloth.

Now, the Bishop of Troyes lived long before the invention of photography, and most of the startling details on the Shroud show up only when photographed. The image on the cloth was discovered early in the twentieth century to be a photographic negative. The image, analyzed by techniques developed for the study of the surface of Mars, proves to be three-dimensional. The image also shows anatomical representation unknown to medieval art or science.

Therefore, to posit a medieval artist capable of

J. Edgar, Where Are You?

As agents from the FBI
Prepare themselves to do or die,
Protecting Mr. Reagan from
The Libyans' "Fee-fi-fo-fum,"
I hope the boys are better versed
Than when they snooped for Patty Hearst.

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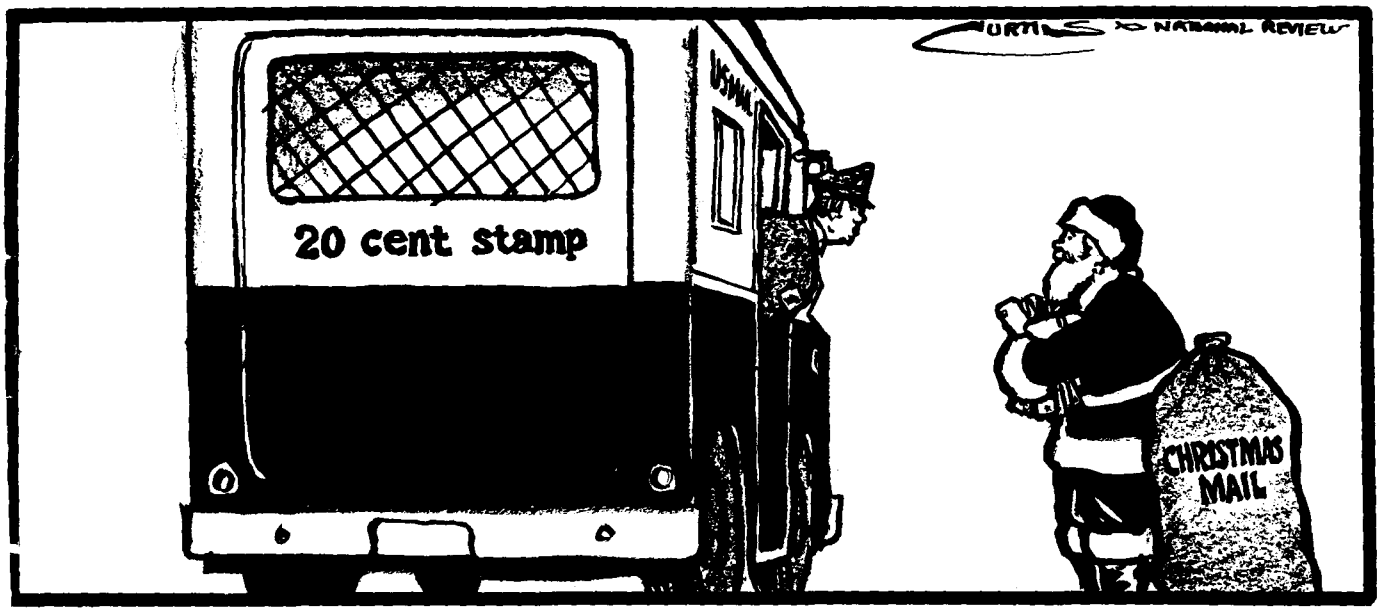

"Bah! Humbug!"

producing the image, and supposedly known to the Bishop of Troyes but totally unknown to history, you have to believe that the fourteenth century artist somehow obtained a first century linen burial shroud from Judea (pollen tests approximately date the cloth and place its origin), that said artist, possessing a knowledge of anatomy unknown to Western art until Michelangelo, painted a photographic negative (while knowing nothing about photography) and produced a three-dimensional image unknown to all other painters (and which waited until 1980 to be discerned through computer techniques), and also possessed a paint of unknown character that leaves no pigment traces between the cloth fibers. And that an artist capable of all that painted only one picture.

The editorial had all of the earmarks of secularist desperation. If you have to believe *that much* in order not to believe, then the case is—desperate. Easter is not all that far away, this is Advent, after all, and we await the *Times* on the Resurrection.

Here It Comes

In 1982, for the 65th consecutive year following the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917, "poor weather" will hamper the harvests in Lenin's fields, and what used to be known as the Breadbasket of Europe will once again have to buy basic grains from the West.

Iran and Syria will combine against North Yemen and Abu Dhabi in order to frustrate Libya's plans in Morocco.

White House Staffer Dave Gergen (hereinafter WHS Gergen) will raise the question whether it was $1,000 that Richard Allen received in Tokyo, or $1,015.63.

The fiscal 1982 budget will be set at $800,000,000,-1,015.63, for starters.

Jimmy Carter's memoirs (*Lust in the White House*) will be published first in hard-cover, on the trickle-down theory. The film version will be shat in Georgia, as they say down there.

Western sympathy for the Soviet agricultural plight will be aroused by photographs of fat Russian grandmothers standing on the central steppes of Asia and fiddling with hoes. Comrade Brezhnev, rising to his feet with the aid of two Soviet army generals, will address a state banquet with gesticulations and hiccoughs, which will be taken to mean that the new Five Year Plan includes a crash program (*Krashnaya Ekonomisticheskaya Politika*) to produce more hoes.

Lebanon and Oman will combine with Jordan and Egypt to destroy the wicked plots of the Sudan and Ifni.

WHS Nofziger will announce and deny that the lacquer box given to Nancy Reagan was worth $270.

Mary Gallagher, the Washington lawyer, will be quoted as saying that linguistic analysis will be part of Harrison Williams's defense against the bum rap he got. He was convicted of pocketing $1,00,0,000.-0*.00,1,000 (give or take a billion) in the A*B*-S*C*A*M scandal and was put on notice that the Senate might very well think seriously about harboring a convicted criminal in its wee little bosom.

The trick is to be convicted: then you're innocent. If you're "alleged," then you're guilty, you dumb creep.

And 1982 will be The Year of the Gals: look who's going strong—Kate Hepburn, Liz Taylor, Lauren Bacall, Rosemary Clooney, Audrey Hepburn, Claudette Colbert, Anne Baxter! Brooke Shields is over the hill before we even got to hear her jeans talk.

WHS Meese will make it very clear that the wrist watch was worth only $135.

Tip O'Neill will be outraged: that damned watch was worth at least $195, right?

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Mr. Hinckley Jr., being given the best of care, will get through the year at taxpayers' expense quite comfortably, thank you. Meanwhile in Iran and Egypt and elsewhere those who take potshots at the bosses will be chopped to pieces within 36 hours.

"Yellow rain we got," says Brezhnev, "it's the other kind of rain we need. Meanwhile, anyone got some wheat, or barley?"

FBI man Webster will wonder out loud if it wasn't actually two wrist watches, worth perhaps $276.59 (at the then rate of exchange, and adjusting for seasonal variations and the subsequent inflation, plus an allowance for Social Security and Blue Cross).

NANCY REAGAN JEWEL BRIBE WORTH A FORTUNE, the *Washington Post* will say.

The second hack at the '82 budget will come up with something like $800,350,900,999,999,gotcha,959,000.41. Tip O'Neill will call this "utterly irresponsible" and will offer an alternative of $780,870,780,870,780,870,-skiddoo,870,00P.s. This exercise in human compassion will be applauded by Walter Mondale, Teddy Kennedy, Andy Young, Ramsey Clark, Cyrus Vance, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Billy, Jody, Ham, and anyone else still on his feet over there.

Iran will shoot 361 dissident merchants but will resist the PLO's overtures toward an alliance with Chad against the Satanic forces of Somalia.

WHS Baker will wonder out loud whether it wasn't Dave Stockman, after all, who got the lacquer box.

Brezhnev, supported by Smirnoff, will send Soviet troops into Poland to help with the grain harvest. These troops will have been withdrawn from Afghanistan. Cuban troops from Namibia, using Russian rifles and hoes manufactured in Czechoslovakia, will fly to Afghanistan to help bring in the harvests there.

WHS Richard Darman will say it looks more like one small lacquer box and $1,003.98—a bargain in any man's language.

The Senate, noting that Harrison Williams "has suffered enough," will sweep his case under the rug. After all, what's fifty grand to the boys in the back room?

Ben Bradlee of the *Washington Post* will quote WHS Fred Fielding to the effect that it may have been only one lacquer box but it was a big one, real big, big enough to put an eight-year-old dope addict into.

Bart Giamatti, Yale's current president, hoping to increase alumni donations, will attack the Immoral Majority.

After Soviet MiGs show up in Nicaragua, everyone and his brother will want to know which defense contractor is in Bill Casey's stock portfolio.

The Immoral Majority, in a takeover bid, will offer one lacquer box per share of Moral Minority stock.

WHS Larry Speakes will deny that it was lacquered. "More sort of enameled, you know, shiny, maybe varnish, shoe polish, just your standard box."

The third version of the '82 budget will call for expenditures of $950,590,950,590,950,590,950 or so, with a deficit of $100 billion on the shnoz. This will be just marvelous for gold stocks, cynics, and those who'd like to see a constitutional amendment to put an end to the sickness in Congress.

The Antitrust Division of Guillaume (French) Smith's Justice Department will prohibit the Immoral Minority from taking over the Moral Majority, on the basis of testimony by Zabaglione A. Giamatti of Salaparuta, Ifni.

According to WHS Fred Fielding and the always wise and perspicacious Mike Deaver, the Trust Department's Antijustice Division will, in a shift, initiate a procedure against Al Haig and Cap Weinberger, both of whom are alleged to have placed small lacquered boxes in their safe-deposit drawers at the Riggs National Bank.

The Republic will be redistricted for purposes of representation, as at Wounded Knee, or Little Big Horn for that matter.

Gold, blood pressures, stocks, allegations, hackles, and eyebrows will rise. There will be bear markets in necklines, convictions, executions, syntax, credibility, and Cabinet members.

In contrast to those that have gone before, it looks like a very good year. The Lord has indeed favored us once again. —WFR

Notes & Asides

■ *Remarks by WFB on the occasion of the Swearing In of Evan Galbraith as Ambassador to France at the State Department, November 13, 1981. (Mr. Galbraith served for twenty years as a director of National Review, Inc.)*

Secretary Clark, Jim, Ambassador Galbraith, ladies and gentlemen.

It is characteristic of the personal courage of Ambassador Galbraith that he should have deputized me to speak on this solemn occasion. Courageous because I have known him for many years, and very well. Perhaps in his dealings with me he feels he has achieved that same confessional relationship achieved by David Stockman with the assistant managing editor of the *Washington Post*, who is also the *Atlantic Monthly*'s Washington correspondent.

Such confidentiality would be difficult, because I have been told that the ceremony here today, to the extent that I figure in it, is *intended* to be highly personal. This was said to me by no less than three State Department officials, from which I deduce that there was active concern in these parts that I might take the

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Uluschak, *Edmonton Journal* Rothco

"After calmly assessing our mortgage payments, food costs, utilities, taxes, and assorted bills, the next step is obvious—panic and hysteria."

occasion to recite my *Weltanschauung*. To do so would be in the tradition of those journalists who do not report events without giving historical background. We recall that the lead sentence in the London *Times* announcing the declaration of war against the Kaiser began: "Back in 1870 . . ."

Well, if it is to be personal history, so be it.

Back in 1947, it happened that I won the only election I ever won. I remember having called my brother Jim, at the time a student at the law school, while I was a freshman in the undergraduate school. I had expected that the voting for the chairmanship of the *Yale Daily News*, which election was traditionally carried out two years before assumption of office, would be close. Since Jim had been an officer of the newspaper, I asked him whether it would be ethical for me to vote—in the unsigned ballot we would all insert into the basket—for myself. Jim, then as now, believed in deliberation; but in due course told me that yes, he thought this could be done discreetly, and in good conscience, and so the following day I folded the piece of paper with my own name written on it and dropped it in with the other twenty or thirty. A few minutes later the incumbent chairman emerged, and announced that I had been elected the chairman of the *Yale Daily News* for 1950. He paused, dramatically, and smiled, adding: "I am pleased to report that Bill was elected unanimously."

We moved, a few of us, from that chamber to the nearest watering hole, which was Deke fraternity house, and there a blond, heavy-set fellow freshman accosted me, to ask, with what I came to know as characteristic curiosity and ebullience, just what was the hilarity all about? It is something of a poetic miracle that, 35 years later, I should be involved in a situation that calls for at least as much hilarity. The similarities are almost perfect. It is rumored that Van voted for himself. And the President has told me that the vote for him was unanimous.

I have not confided to the President, or to the *Atlantic Monthly*, or to Secretary Clark, or to anybody, I guess, my special knowledge of the general and orderly deliberation given by Van Galbraith to the hypothetical possibility of joining the government.

It happens that in June a year and a half ago, when the President was still only a candidate for the Republican nomination, Van and I were together, as I am happy to say we have often been together, on a sailboat. I have in mind a conversation we had about two hundred miles south of Bermuda, heading first for that island, then on to the Azores, then on to Spain. There were six of us doing the sailing and the navigating. The day was blue, the wind brisk—we were an entire happy day removed from a sloppy and emetic little storm that had dogged us for 48 hours. We were eating lunch, and one of our company, Dick Clurman—former head of correspondents for Time-Life, and former Commissioner of Parks and Cultural Affairs for New York City—was arguing the nobility and inspiration of public service. As I remember I was somewhat skeptical, adhering to a rather dogmatic position that there was a deep and instinctive antagonism between service in the private and in the public sectors. Van, if I remember, joined in expressing skepticism of a sort, reminiscing briefly about his single experience in public service, as aide to a Secretary of Commerce in the Eisenhower Administration. If memory serves, the conversation was not extended, lasting only for three or four minutes, but the banter did indicate something of the mood of the freshly installed Ambassador to France, back in the long ago, when there was another President in the White House, and when the only immediate problem Galbraith faced was whether the navigator would succeed in guiding the boat to Bermuda . . .

[*An excerpt was here shown on a large television screen of Ambassador Galbraith talking with Richard Clurman and WFB in the cockpit of a sailboat in June 1980, in which Mr. Galbraith spoke derisively of many public offices.*]

What a pity the film here gave out. But it doesn't matter, because I recall exactly the exchange that then ensued.

Clurman: Are you saying, Van, that if Reagan is elected, you wouldn't accept any position in his Administration?

Van: No, you ass, I didn't say that.

Clurman: What *did* you say?

Van: I said one would need to decide very carefully just what position one would take, I mean, *I'd* take. Certain kinds of people are right for certain kinds of positions, others not.

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Clurman: Well, what position *would* you take?

Van: Well, you know, I've always had a certain—well, a certain thing about Paris. It was in Paris that Bootsie and I first lived after we were married. I spent a lot of time there. I was never more—well, content—than in Paris, and there's something about French habits that, well, that grabs me.

Clurman: Before you married Bootsie?

Van: Aw, Clurman, you've got a dirty mind. No wonder New York's parks were full of—well, full of unclean things. I'm not talking about the Crazy Horse Bar. But I have a bad feeling about France.

Clurman: What?

Van: I'm not a bit sure the good guys, the Reagan types, are going to win the election a year from now.

Clurman: You don't mean what's-his-name would get it?

Van: That's exactly what I mean.

Clurman: What then?

Van (laughing): Well, I guess I'd just have to get over there and find out what I could do—for France, and for the Alliance.

At this point there was general laughter, and a rogue wave pooped over the transom, and I remember thinking: This is a Sign.

After the years in Paris, Van and Bootsie came back, briefly, to America, for a year in New York. But they were gone again, this time to London, where for a number of years he pursued his professional career, traveling frequently to New York, and spending his vacation periods for the most part in Switzerland, where on his first visit I took him skiing for the first time, forgetting in my informal instructions to tell him how a skier goes about arresting his forward motion, resulting in brief companionship at the top of the mountain, followed by a descent which might have been the closing scene of a Marx Brothers movie called *An Afternoon at a Mountain.* As I think back on it, if I were to add the distances we have sailed together to the distances we have skied together, it is probably safe to say we have, by wind and gravity, circled the globe.

Christopher Little

It was at law school at Harvard that Van first interested himself in the politics that make the world go round, so very eccentrically. Soon he became conversant with the principal engines of political behavior, and with those forces that have pockmarked this century. I recall once, in 1957, when we found ourselves in Baltimore to serve as ushers at the wedding of a friend, and in the morning I thought impulsively to visit Whittaker Chambers in Westminster, one hour away. One would not take just anyone to that reclusive eyrie in western Maryland, but I took Van there with full confidence, and we stayed two hours. A few days later I had a letter from Chambers. He began it,

> I liked Galbraith at sight. This happens so seldom with me that I wondered why it happened. As I listened to him laugh, watched him study the titles of my books, watched his mind fasten on one or two points of no great importance in themselves, but somewhat as an ant, at touch, clamps on the rib of a leaf that may be littering its path, I liked him better. I decided that what I liked was a kind of energy, what kind scarcely mattered. One of our generals was once being ho-ho-hearty with the ranks, as I understand generals are sometimes, especially if newsmen are present. He asked a paratrooper, "Why do you like to do an insane thing like jumping out of airplanes?" The paratrooper answered: "I don't like to, sir. I just like to be around the kind of people who like to jump out of airplanes." I felt something like the paratrooper about Galbraith . . .

His friends, for whom I speak, would agree that his qualities are special. Everyone who has known him is more cheerful for the experience of having known him. The French will find him, in his official capacity, in no sense different from how they found him in private life, 15 years ago. He is hospitable to every kind of ambiguity, charitable in his constructions of human behavior, but entirely convinced that the Lord has provided man with a fundamental apparatus by which we distinguish between what is right, and what isn't; and convinced that the challenge to right thought, and right conduct, was never in history more menacingly asserted. I can imagine no presence in Paris more distinctively American than Van's, because jaded and worldly men will see in him the storybook American, the man of spontaneity and steadfastness, of innocence and wit, of flexibility and purpose. It may seem somehow wrong, in these circumstances, to congratulate the French people, but exactly that far I am prepared to go, confident as all of us who have known him over the years are, as also those of you in government who have known him over the years or have come recently to know him—Al Haig, Bill Clark, Bill Draper, Tom Clausen, Tom Enders, Jim Buckley, Jack Maresco, my son Christopher—that his presence as his country's ambassador will inform and refresh, yet another installment in the apparently endless repayment of the debt we incurred when, as a young and struggling republic, we welcomed the arrival of Lafayette. I join you all in wishing him and Bootsie a great and fruitful adventure, in the service of our beloved country. —WFB

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Memo to: You

From: Jim McFadden

I was privileged to attend the truly marvelous party celebrating the 15th Anniversary of Bill Buckley's "Firing Line" (seems impossible that it's been on TV that long -- and getting better and better too). The invited included everyone who's appeared on the show, so you can imagine that it was quite a gathering -- a big roomful of people you'd never imagine would be in the same place together but for this occasion -- a tribute, I'd say, to the uniqueness of "Firing Line."

Not surprisingly, this set me to pondering what's wrong with it: all that "good stuff," zillions of spoken words ranging from the truly memorable to the merely interesting, lost in the sense that, if you didn't see/hear it yourself, it's gone (and who, having heard it, can remember it all?). That's why I've often sent for tape recordings of shows I've liked the most, e.g., any time the great Malcolm Muggeridge is the guest. Well, the party made me replay some Buckley-Muggeridge cassettes and, sure enough, they get better and better the more you hear them. You can't catch it all the first time -- also, I play them for friends, and it never fails to turn the night into more than the usual (with many "play that part again" interruptions as the conversation -- or argument -- blooms).

Wouldn't you like to hear one of them? Naturally, that's the next thought that struck me. So I inquired: Could we reproduce copies of the original sound track? Lo and behold (why didn't I think of this before) the good people in charge said OK. Thus, dear reader, you may now become the proud owner of a cassette-tape that will replay for your delight the entire Buckley-Muggeridge "Firing Line" program on the fascinating subject: "How Does One Find Faith?" Your friendly local atheist would relish this one, with WFB asking the right questions, and MM giving his inimitable answers. Sample:

MM: Jesus had to suffer. Otherwise, what's the cross? There's no sacrifice. At the same time, he had to be God because he was perfect.

WFB: "Christ without the crucifixion is liberalism," said Whittaker Chambers.

MM: Yes, it's very good, that.

Now that you have pen poised over checkbook, simply use the card facing this page to subscribe or renew now for a full year of NR at the regular $24 rate, and we'll gladly send you a free copy of this very Buckley-Muggeridge "Firing Line" tape-cassette. If you are a new subscriber, please check the appropriate box (if it's a renewal, our trusty computer will automatically add another 26 valuable issues to your current term, no matter when it is now due to expire). As soon as we receive your order, we'll run off a cassette and send it to you as fast as we can -- free, with all postage, etc., paid by us. A Heavenly bargain, you might say -- don't miss it. Fill out and return the card facing this page now, before you get distracted?

J.P.M.

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The Current WISDOM

Father Pellecer's Story

WINSTON

"Yesterday Nicaragua, today El Salvador, tomorrow Guatemala."
—A Jesuit defector

On June 9 of this year, in Guatemala City, a 35-year-old Jesuit priest was abducted in broad daylight by six armed men. Four months later, on September 30, the Jesuit stood at a microphone under klieg lights, before an audience of diplomats, cabinet officers, academics, ecclesiastics, foreign correspondents, and local journalists, to reconstruct for the television audience the past eight years of his life, years spent in what he described as "the direct and indirect subversion" of the peoples of El Salvador (six years), Nicaragua (six months), and, most recently, Guatemala (a year and a half), where he worked within a guerrilla terrorist movement, the Guerrilla Army of the Poor (EGP).

An arresting, poignant, richly instructive personal chronicle, the press conference (conducted wholly in Spanish) caused a sensation in Central America, and its effects are still being felt. No one in Washington, the media capital of the world, can explain why the U.S. press has almost totally ignored the event, except to speculate that the priest-defector's testimony undercuts journalistic preconceptions here so severely that the pressies have no choice but to make believe that it didn't happen.

A native Guatemalan, Father Luis Eduardo Pellecer Faena holds degrees in the humanities, communications, philosophy, civil engineering, and theology, and has done graduate study in medicine. He called the TV press conference, he said, to explain how someone with his background, training, and gifts could be "bewitched into choosing a life of violence," and to plead for forgiveness from his fellow Guatemalans.

At the outset he explains that he himself had engineered his own abduction with the help of an old college friend on the police force. He wanted to "disappear" in such a way, he said, because it was a relatively safe exit from an uninhibited revolutionary organization (now probably bent on exterminating him).

To understand his odyssey, Pellecer said, one must first understand how manipulative is the "intellectual machinery" of the theology of liberation now operating with special force in Central America. "First and foremost," he stated, liberation theology is

> the introduction of the poor to a new Jesus Christ, a Jesus totally different from that of the Gospels or the catechism used in preparing for First Communion. It is a rebellious Jesus, a Jesus opposed to the capitalist system, a revolutionary Jesus, a Jesus who is a partial or exclusive God, a God of the poor, a God solely and exclusively devoted to the salvation of the poor, the needy, the destitute, and forever banishing the rich, the powerful, those at the head of government, from all possibility of salvation.

Pellecer pointed to the distortion in this image of Jesus, namely, that Jesus, then, is not everyone's God, but only the God of the poor. "What about the others?" he asks. The answer from the Jesuits who are coevals of his or younger (Pellecer is careful to distinguish throughout between the beliefs of the traditionalist Jesuits of older generations and the Jesuits of his age bracket) goes like this: "The rich have had four or five centuries of union with the Church. Now the Church once and for all must break with the powerful, break with the rich, and turn once again to the exclusive service of the poor."

Father Pellecer and other Jesuits were "indoctrinated" with Marxism-Leninism during four or five years of university study. The final weapon in the revolutionary arsenal he acquired, and the most horrifying perhaps, was the targeting strategy: the focus would be on the poorest sectors of the rural and urban population.

> Using our faith, taking advantage of the most sacred and most profound feelings of our people, we planted the first seeds of distortion, introducing a new Gospel, a new, previously unknown Jesus—a bloodthirsty Jesus . . . The Jesuits [of my generation] were fully capable of indoctrinating people, of saturating them with the whole theology of liberation and science of Marxism, knowing how to bring it all down to the level of the masses with very little general education and political sophistication. We were able to create a whole new set of teachings for the oppressed. We disseminated our knowledge through formal catechism, through audio-visual aids, using our power and authority as priests.

The Jesuit described the revolutionary cell structure as carefully and elaborately compartmentalized (reminiscent of the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese), his work in El Salvador as a "*penetrador*" (penetrating agent) and, later, a "*consolidador*" (reinforcement agent), the purpose of which was to create a second tier ("in reality a rudimentary Marxist political platform") within the organizational pyramid, the first being the religious base itself. "I was one of those who led the unsuspecting lambs to their slaughter, laying the foundation for all those innocent farmers to be captivated by the authority of the Church, then to be swallowed up by the People's Liberation Forces."

The Jesuits are not going to believe that my words are deeply personal and sincere," said Father Pellecer at the press conference. "They will always accuse the authorities—the security forces—of having been responsible for these statements." Then he added, almost as an afterthought, and sadly, "There is a great deal of pride among the Jesuits."

On the first count, he was certainly right. No sooner had he finished the conference than the Jesuits raced to the mimeograph machines and telexes. "Fabrication to justify a religious persecution" against the Catholic Church and the Jesuits, they charged, and suggested that Pellecer was either stoned on drugs or brainwashed ("No doctor has verified his state of health" or "his physical or psychological integrity"). Who issued that statement? The Central American Jesuit Provincial headquarters in San Salvador, the Jesuit Provincial himself being *in absentia*, according to Father Pellecer. Where was he? "In Nicaragua, collaborating with the Sandinista regime." □

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Pieties and Verities

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

If there is a more confused and emotional subject than arms control and disarmament, I have not heard of it.

The element of theater in it is strong. Is a statement of intentions or a negotiating offer true (i.e., sincere) or false (for theatrical and psychological effect)? Is a negotiating position genuinely negotiable, or a move in an elaborate game of chess, designed to fox an adversary while reassuring domestic public opinion, if any (the Soviets have it easy on that terrain)?

The Negotiating Weapon

I am prompted to these opening remarks by President Reagan's "historic" offer on November 18 of sweeping cuts in Europe-based missiles, President Brezhnev's immediate rejection of it, and the subsequent missile-reduction talks in Geneva.

As is, or should be, clear by now, the Soviets use negotiations of any kind as an alternative weapon of war: to gain or consolidate an advantage, or to project an image. As the Soviets are the permanent aggressors in World War III, they normally have the initiative. The Reagan Administration temporarily took it back from them by postponing the Geneva talks until now—an interval which the Soviets put to good use by pressing on with their gigantic and phony "peace" campaign and building up the image of an aggressive America dragging its feet on arms control. At the risk of giving otiose advice to an Administration well aware of the facts of life, I offer some comments on pitfalls and objectives.

As Walter Hahn of the U.S. Strategic Institute pertinently pointed out in the Fall issue of *Strategic Review*, the Soviets see no point in negotiating over something they already have as against something the Americans do not yet have, figuring that the Americans will give them what they want anyway. Thus it was with the so-called "neutron bomb," which President Carter obligingly dropped along with the B-1 bomber, while throwing in a voluntary reduction of the range of the land-based cruise missile.

Admittedly Brezhnev is up against an altogether tougher proposition in Ronald Reagan and his team. But let us not be blind to the dangers, which can be summarized as follows:

- The Soviets *already have* their frightening SS-20 missiles deployed on Soviet soil and targeted on U.S. troops and installations in Western Europe.
- The Americans *do not yet have* the Pershing IIs, cruise missiles, and enhanced radiation warheads which they intend to deploy in Western Europe if the Russians decline to dismantle the SS-20s.
- The United States, with the backing of the European NATO governments (leaving aside conditional clauses, moratoria, demagogic speeches, and the like), argues that the new weapons are designed to restore the balance of nuclear power in Europe, which became dangerously asymmetrical when the Soviets deployed the SS-20.
- The Soviets, in public at least, reject this argument. On the contrary, they say, our SS-20s merely restore the balance that had been disturbed by NATO's deployment of the earlier generation of theater nuclear weapons, including "mini-nukes." So, the argument continues, if NATO deploys its projected 572 new-generation Theater Nuclear Force (TNF) missiles, the balance will again be disturbed to NATO's advantage. This was the argument Brezhnev developed in his recent interview with the anti-American and "peace"-loving West German magnazine *Der Spiegel*.

Make It Short

The brazen effrontery of the Soviet claim that the SS-20s are merely restoring an equilibrium previously destroyed to NATO's advantage should not blind the U.S. negotiators to the propaganda appeal of the Soviet stance to the huge and misguided crowds that have been marching through Western European capitals in support of unilateral disarmament, the bias of whom is heavily anti-American.

Patient refutation is going to be necessary, not once but many times, if the American and allied case is to make a comparable impact. The "mini-nukes" (1 kiloton) are in no way comparable to the SS-20s. The 42 Honest Johns deployed in Greece and Turkey have a range of only 25 miles; even the Pershing Is in West Germany are limited to 450 miles. In contrast, the SS-20s have ranges of up to 4,625 miles. Each, moreover, carries at least two missiles, each of which in turn has three warheads. At starting time in Geneva, there were about 1,500 SS-20 warheads trained on NATO targets.

But the real point, against this summary background, is the strategic objective on either side:

1. The Soviet objective is to retain its SS-20s while making it psychologically and politically impossible for the new American missiles to be deployed in Western Europe. The Soviets will bear in mind, for example, that Chancellor Schmidt has imposed a moratorium on any TNF deployment in West Germany if significant progress is being made in U.S.-Soviet arms-control talks. The Soviets will therefore strive to bog the Americans down in protracted talks.

2. The Reagan proposals of November 18 are both theater and reality, piety and verity. He offered the "zero option" (no U.S. missiles on the allied side, on condition that the Soviets dismantle all SS-20s and other intermediate-range missiles). I cannot imagine anything so unlikely actually happening, but if it did, it would indeed be an acceptable outcome, as stated. Equally acceptable, however, would be a stabilization of medium-range missiles on either side. It is at least a realistic goal for negotiations.

The American interest, as far as the Geneva talks are concerned, is thus to keep them as short as is consistent with a credible image. Six months would seem about right.

Ethnic rancors—a footnote: My recent columns on Ireland and Israel have brought me an alarming mountain of readers' letters, mostly abusive and in some cases unprintable in these chaste pages. For the record, I am not a neo-Nazi, nor did I approve of Auschwitz; nor am I a British imperialist; nor am I a Tory. While doubting the wisdom of Begin's settlement of the Arab West Bank by Israelis, I am notably, and on the record, pro-Israel (though not unconditionally so). Amen. □

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GROW OR DIE

The Melting Experience

JAMES BOND STOCKDALE

WE ALL KNOW what it's like to live under stress. Life seems compressed, as if it were being watched on a movie screen with the projector set on "high-speed advance." As we are hit with overloads of dilemmas, panic looms ahead. When you get to that point, the modern reaction is to scramble for some way to stop the stress.

But a person can find himself in a spot where no amount of stress-reducing tips can do him any good. That's when he is stuck way out on a limb, isolated from the comfortable crutches of workaday society, and under nonstop bombardment by dilemmas that won't go away.

In these circumstances, as your attention is channeled, you can sometimes sense that you're undergoing a "melting" experience. Some of your inhibitions, some of your feelings, fears, and biases melt as you come to realize that under the gun, you must grow or fail—in some cases, grow or die. A sort of transformation takes place under pressure—under what the alchemists of the Middle Ages called the "hermetic."

The hermetic idea is old; it had come down from ancient Egypt and Greece and was colored by Christian sacramental teaching. It was a twofold concept. It meant something sealed off—hermetically sealed, as we say. And it also meant magic, particularly magical transformation. You put something in a crucible or a retort and you subjected it to certain pressures like heat, or doses of sulphur or mercury. If you were lucky or wise or both, some kind of creative transformation would take place. In physical terms, this referred to the changing of base metals into precious ones —lead into gold.

But the top-grade alchemical philosophers were not content with mere physical crucibles and crystal retorts they could hold in their hands. They were aiming at even more important things. Paracelsus thought it might be possible to create a human being, a homunculus, in the laboratory—something people today are again getting uneasy about. The higher alchemy aimed not at mere physical change, but at moral and spiritual transformation. The crucible and retort became symbols of creative growth. Fire and the twin elements sulphur and mercury came to represent the outside pressures exerted upon the human soul in its confined place. In extreme cases, the fire might be of hellish origin. But if the soul in question were strong enough, not mere passive matter, it might undergo an alchemical change—a metamorphosis of the spirit in which the ordinary stuff of humanity could turn into something very precious.

This alchemy comparison may sound farfetched, but it contains a hint of the sort of process of intellectual and even spiritual transformation I'm going to discuss. A person's ethical notions tend to crystallize in the hermetic. Mine did. The pressure chamber in which my most deeply felt ideas were forged was a prison cell in North Vietnam.

Prisons have been crucibles of both degradation and creative impulse throughout history. Like most pressure chambers, they seem to draw out the very best and the very worst in men. Writers have attributed prison inspiration to Boethius, Cervantes, Dostoyevsky, Solzhenitsyn, and dozens of other ex-convicts who later made their marks in the world. But, in many cases, the main inspiration was obtained not from the prison experiences themselves, but from the opportunity they provided for uninterrupted reflection.

I had periods of more or less stress-free imprisonment, even in solitary confinement. A fellow prisoner, a math scholar, once did me the tremendous favor of passing to me (and I mean by that putting it through the concrete wall between us with our tap code, as I memorized it) an arithmetic formula of expansion that, in a remarkably few iterations of such simple form that they could be performed with a stick in the dust, would yield natural logarithms to three or four decimal places. After weeks of thought, I reconstructed the process of going from natural logarithms to logs of base ten. I slowly became the world's greatest expert on the exponential curve; I dusted off the construction of a log-log duplex deci-trig slide rule in my head. (No paper or pencils were allowed in the cell; my log tables had to be etched with a nail on the concealed side of a bedboard.) I became one of the few men alive to truly un-

Vice Admiral James Bond Stockdale served for more than thirty years as an officer of the regular Navy, most of those years at sea as a fighter pilot aboard aircraft carriers. Shot down on his second combat tour over North Vietnam, he was the senior naval service prisoner of war in Hanoi for eight years—tortured 15 times, in leg irons for two years and in solitary confinement for four. As a civilian he has been a college professor and a college president, and is now a senior research fellow at the Hoover Institution, where he is writing two books to be published by Harper & Row. This article is adapted from a monograph recently published by the Hoover Institution.

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derstand why any number raised to the zero power necessarily had to be unity. I spent months and months in deep concentration and, at one point, could have written a pretty good advanced mathematics text.

But those stress-free prison experiences occurred only late in the game—only after the North Vietnamese ceased trying to extort propaganda and information from us (a heaven-sent reprieve, which took effect only after President Nixon came into office and reversed the previous Administration's misguided policy of keeping known instances of Communist brutality against American prisoners secret from the American press). My mathematical thoughts came from the stress-free period. My ethical thoughts came from the period when the pressure was on—pressure to the limit, to get us to contribute to what turned out to be their winning propaganda campaign beamed at the American man-in-the-street; pressure to the limit, to get us to inform on one another. These two objectives were tied together as integral parts of the extortion system.

The central strategy of that system involved the imposition not only of loneliness, but of fear and guilt—fear of

I distilled one all-purpose idea. It violates the idea of Adam Smith's invisible hand, our ideas of human nature. It is: You are your brother's keeper

pain and guilt at having betrayed a fellow prisoner. We were all in solitary confinement and solemnly warned that any attempt to communicate with one another, by wall tap, signal, whisper, anything, would be evidence of ingratitude for "the humane and lenient treatment of Ho Chi Minh." The rules of the game were that such ingratitude gave the North Vietnamese the moral justification for pummeling the communicator while his arms were simultaneously squeezed with tourniquets, shutting off the blood circulation until he submitted. Their system was designed to produce the propaganda and information they wanted no matter which the American chose of the two obvious ways to go: to stay off the prisoner tap-code communication network and eventually become so depressed after a couple of years that he would presumably be willing to buy human contact at the price of collaboration with the enemy; or to join the American communication network, that is, to join the American covert civilization, get caught communicating, as one did from time to time, and then be put through the standard chain of events. That chain went from torture to submission to confession to apology to atonement. The atonement was of course to consist of giving away prisoner secrets—being an informer, in other words—plus writing the old propaganda statement about how we had been guilty of bombing "churches, schools, and pagodas." In theory at least, we were in a no-win situation.

People were trying to use us and make us tear each other apart in the process. Out of this cauldron were extruded some basic ethical guideposts.

Be assured that I'm not just building a set of guideposts for prison, or even for a more general military setting. My conclusions are infinitely general. From this eight-year experience, I distilled one all-purpose idea, plus a few corollaries. It is a simple idea, an idea as old as the scriptures, an idea that naturally and spontaneously comes to men under pressure. If the pressure is intense enough or of long enough duration, this idea spreads without any need for its enunciation. It is an idea that in this "big easy world of yackety-yack" (as I sometimes maliciously thought of it in my first weeks back home) seems to violate the rules of game theory, if not of reason. It violates the idea of Adam Smith's invisible hand, our ideas of human nature, and probably the second law of thermodynamics. That idea is: You are your brother's keeper.

That's the flip side of: What's in it for me? If you recognize the first as an expression of virtue and the second as an expression of vice, let Bacon's distinction add relevance to my concentration on adversity: "Adversity doth best induce virtue . . . while luxury doth best induce vice."

It soon became clear that the only way to go—for peace of mind, for mental health if you will, as well as for practicality—was to forget that business about lying low and staying out of trouble by not communicating. Everybody had to get on the line and take the torture when he was caught because we had a civilization to build, a civilization of Americans behind walls, a civilization of political autonomy that would have the courage to rule itself responsibly, with its own laws, with no contact for eight years with the parent country or its government in Washington. (Thank God.)

When I started teaching philosophy at the Naval War College about four years ago, I commenced reading the literature of the Vietnam era and came across a startling essay about prisoner-of-war ethics by Harvard Professor Michael Walzer. This piece appeared about three years before we were released and had as its central theme the sanctity of individual rights and how the individual prisoner had no particular obligation to bother cooperating with

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fellow prisoners in a clandestine organization because the poor incarcerated soul had enough to do following the orders of the captors. Walzer could not have been more wrong. To ignore a fellow captive in the pressure chamber is to betray him. Anybody who has been there knows that a neighbor in the cell block becomes the most precious thing on earth, a soul who deserves your care and cooperation no matter what the risk.

When you're alone and afraid and feel your culture is slipping away even though you're hanging on to your memories—memories of language, of poetry, of prayers, of mathematics—hanging on with your fingernails as best you can and yet, in spite of all your efforts, still seeing the bottom of the barrel coming up to meet you and realizing how thin and fragile our veneer of culture is, when you suddenly realize the truth that we all can become animals when cast adrift and tormented for a mere matter of months, you start having some very warm thoughts about the only life-preserver within reach—that human mind, that human heart next door. You become unashamed to say what you mean when your pal is being taken out for torture for being caught trying to get a message to you. You tap "God bless you, Jerry," or perhaps "I love you, Jerry."

Man's need for his fellows was certainly spotlighted in those intense circumstances. We found ourselves overcoming what is often billed as the natural selfishness of man, even the survival instinct, by clinging to ideas like Unity Over Self. The sting of guilt was taken out of the program by the common-sense expedient of never keeping secrets from other Americans. No matter what we said or were forced to say under torture in the privacy of the interrogation room, we routinely put out the details on our tap-code net. This started as a matter of tactical defense and expediency, but its fallout in terms of expiation of guilt feelings was golden. We learned that the virtues of truthfulness and straightforwardness have their own reward.

But there was more to being your brother's keeper than being rewarded in a practical sense. J. Glenn Gray, a professor of philosophy at Colorado College until his death in 1977, wrote of that special power of comradeship to overcome man's alleged basic instinct of self-preservation. He made his observations as a foot soldier on the European battlefields of World War II and recorded them in one of his books, *The Warriors: Reflections on Men in Battle*. I was at a convocation at Colorado College (where three of my sons have gone) when the president introduced me to this man and his literature by remarking that Professor Gray was the only serious scholar of recent times to reflect deeply on how men behave in shared danger, shared pressure. His book and my conversations with him the year before he died corroborated what I saw in Hanoi. Gray wrote:

> Numberless soldiers have died, more or less willingly, not for country or honor or religious faith or for any other abstract good, but because they realized that by fleeing their posts and rescuing themselves, they would expose their companions to greater danger. Such loyalty to the group is the essence of fighting morale. The commander who can preserve and strengthen it knows that all other physical and psychological factors are little in comparison. The feeling of loyalty, it is clear, is the result and not the cause of comradeship. Comrades are loyal to each other spontaneously and without any need for reasons. Men may learn to be loyal out of fear or rational conviction, loyal even to those they dislike.

Gray contrasts comradeship with friendship:

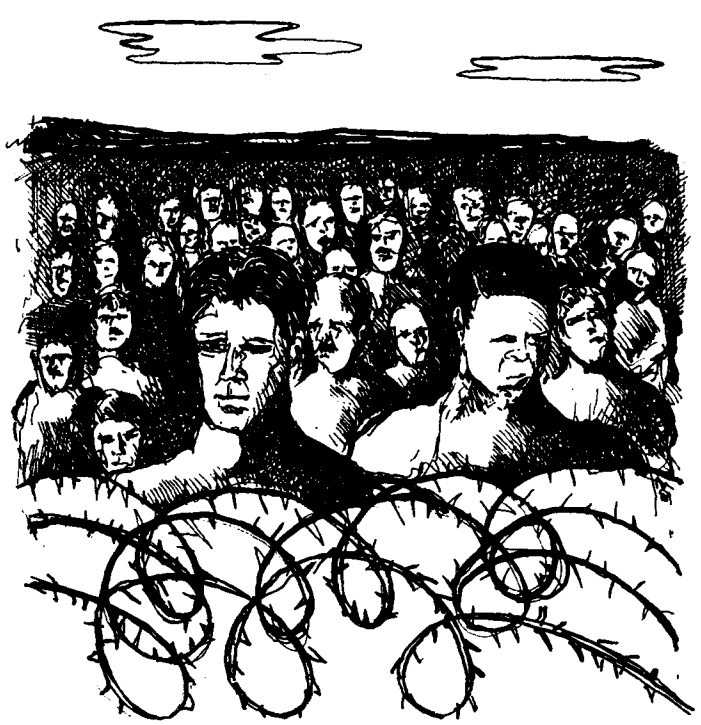
> Friendship is not just a more intense form of comradeship. It is its very opposite. While comradeship wants to break down the walls of self, friendship seeks to expand these walls and keep them intact. The one relationship is ecstatic, the other wholly individual.

Those who have been in high-stress situations for long periods are sometimes asked, "What kept you going? What was your highest value?" My answer is: "The man next door."

What about the corollaries to this single, simple, old-fashioned idea? First, let's talk about very recent history. How does what I've said track with the way we Americans handled the matter of the hostages in Iran? Did we credit them with that nobility of spirit, that pride of autonomy and self-reliance that generates within a body of people of goodwill united in a common cause under pressure?

I don't think we gave them a chance to generate that spirit. We played with them like rag dolls. We couldn't keep our hands off them, allowing American do-gooders to parade them before TV cameras on holidays, arranging for and executing piecemeal, destabilizing early releases. (President Carter worked for and secured through Yasir Arafat the release of some U.S. Marines in the first weeks of the affair —Marines, whose duty it was to remain with their embassy in accordance with the Code of Conduct.) In general, we seemed to proceed from the assumption that a captive embassy staff was destined to become not a proud autonomous band, but a bunch of pitiable lost sheep—children stranded at the bus station waiting for a parent to come and take them home.

A second corollary could also become a public-policy issue. How does what I've said track with the well-intentioned suggestion I sometimes hear that goes something like this: You military prisoners went through hell trying to protect information that wasn't worth it and refusing to make statements against your government that were no worse than those Senator Fulbright was making. Let's get smart. For-



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get the Code of Conduct. Let's tell the world we've instructed our prisoners to say or write anything they're asked to say or write. That way we would defuse the whole torture and isolation situation.

The enemy extortionists would really like that solution. With resistance brushed aside, they would just dig deeper and play even more lethal games with fear and guilt. Don't kid yourself into thinking they're going to start with an anti-war statement in a candy-store situation like that. More likely subjects for their first assigned prisoner essays would be: "Why I know that capitalism made my mother a whore"; or "Why I believe it is every prisoner's duty to inform on his fellow Americans." In a prison civilization, covert or overt, a person's most prized possession is his reputation with his peers. Right off the bat, dissension would dominate the scene because most good people will just not stoop to self-imposed degradation. At least half would refuse to write anything.

To give up just because you know you can't achieve total success is a form of determinism. Will is the thing. Man makes his character here on earth

Who's going to order them to follow this proposed new U.S. Government policy? Are you going to ask the senior prisoner to do that? You would never get me to do it. You can't get out of this predicament by making it optional, either. Togetherness would go, self-respect would go, and the prison civilization would become an animal farm. It has been said that you can't legislate morality. You can't legislate degradation either. My statement of this corollary is: You can't make a good man under pressure finesse evil, no matter how smart it seems.

A third corollary also focuses on conventional smartness. How does what I've said track with this fact, which I generally believe to be the truth: Well-applied torture can eventually make any man give up particular facts that the interrogating ghoul knows he knows. When confronted with this, the smart-money guys from the big easy world of yackety-yack might say: "When you know your enemy is on a winning wicket, why resist?"; or "It defies common sense to resist—save your strength for something important"; or "Don't fight City Hall."

My point is that people of good will under pressure and united in a common cause do fight City Hall. (Thank God.) When the cool, rational smart-money skeptics challenge the united sacrifice in this example, several answers are possible:

► A practical answer: It's the only way to go in an extortion environment—each prisoner makes them hurt him. The ghouls don't like to have to hurt everybody. They don't like to be reminded of our unity. Furthermore, when you see how frustrated it makes them, it makes you like to live with yourself.

► An Aristotelian answer: Man is not a package of on-off switches; he is not at his base some sort of binary computer. Compulsion and free will can coexist. To give up just because you know you can't achieve total success is a form of determinism. I don't subscribe to environmental, genetic, or any simplistic determinism. Will is the thing. Man makes his character here on earth. I am the master of my fate, the captain of my soul.

► My answer: Loyalty to the group: I have a reputation to uphold with them. I can't let them down. They are my country. They are my family. I'm not a kid stranded in the bus station trying to minimize the pain while I wait for my mother country to come and pick me up.

Finally, there is one corollary of that ecstatic relationship that comes as a surprise to most of us: how easy it is for a well-intentioned person to commit a cruelty of disillusionment under pressure. We in those prisons were not an unsophisticated group. We were almost all fighter pilots, all had bachelor's degrees, and more than half of us had at least one advanced degree. At least most were sophisticated enough to know that as intelligent people we should be able to cope with tentativeness and commitment at the same time, much as Aristotle would have us cope with the ideas of free will and compulsion at the same time. What I'm saying is that by and large we were able to accommodate commitment unto death and freedom of thought simultaneously. Political or religious orthodoxy was not a requirement for joining the club. But I think we all tacitly agreed that insensitivity and lack of restraint in the expression of destabilizing personal views to others were very poor form.

Nevertheless, I saw the unintentional cruelty of disillusionment kill a rare sort of depressed and thoughtful man. You would never guess how. It was not messages of gloom, but cheery messages of hope, persistently drummed into him month after month, that eventually did him in. He internalized and took seriously those upcoming surefire release dates. After a number had eventually passed, his mind drifted away, he couldn't hold his rice down, and he died of a broken heart.

After I returned, I found that there are many examples of that in the literature. Some of you may have read the book *Man's Search for Meaning* by Viktor Frankl, veteran of the Holocaust and a psychologist and lecturer. He says that the big threats to morale in the crucible are not the pessimists, but the incurable vocal optimists. That being so, think how much more damage gratuitous statements of political or religious dissent could do to people close to the wire. It is easy to forget that, in this age of free speech at any cost.

However, it was not forgotten in Hanoi, probably because we were all so close to one wire or another and so determined—spontaneously determined, ecstatically determined—to prevail, to see each other through, with love, together.

We asked for strength that we might achieve;
God made us weak that we might obey.
We asked for health that we might do great things;
He gave us infirmity that we might do better things.
We asked for riches that we might be happy;
We were given poverty that we might be wise.
We asked for power that we might have the praise of men;
We were given weakness that we might feel the need of God.
We asked for all things that we might enjoy life;
We were given life that we might enjoy all things.
We received nothing that we asked for: all that we hoped for.
And our prayers were answered.
We were most blessed.

—Anonymous Prayer □

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PAM, JOHN, PRISCILLA, and BUCKLEY HEATH*

Wherein the children of Aloïse B. Heath find the United Nations Declaration of the Rights of the Child to be a GREAT Step Forward

The True Sprit of CHRISMAS

MANY PERSONS our ages of 12, 10, 8, 6 think the Sprit of Chrismas is about toys and presents instead of about the real sprit. These persons are inmature and childless. As will be seen.

Today at Assembly, everybody got a copy and got read to, the UN Declaration of the Rights of the Child, which turned out it was the Chrismas present from the United Nations to all the children in the world, also which Pam, 12, and John, 10, have to write down about constructively and Priscilla, 8, and Buckley, 6, be prepared to explane in there own words by Monday. This is our free-thinking thoughts, for nothing is black and white but grey.

The first part, before the Principles start, is very oratory and good except for puctuation (commas not periods after paragraphs) and reptitous (absolutely 5 paragraphs in a row begin with "Whereas"). Persons that are always tearing down, tearing down would probably mock this instead of saying the United Nations did pretty good, spelling the long words this composition is absolutely full of.

PRINCIPLE 1: *All children shall be entitled to these rights, without distinction or discrimination on account of race, color, sex, language, religion, political or other opinion, property, birth, or other status whether of himself or of his family.* Those who *think* will easly see that who their talking about is none other but the U.S. of America (world smelting pot), for in other countries from us (Europe, England, Russia, Wildest Africa, etc. etc. etc.) there isn't enough different population from the main to do discrimination at. (Except by inmost feelings, hard to wipe out, unforch.)

Why do they drag in sex, one asks ourself? Because the United Nations regard sex purely, like dictionaries, where sex is if you are a boy or a girl (you can look it up)—not the reason children are not allowed to see practicly every movie in the whole world. It is a well-none fact that most parents comitt discrimination on children by sex (by wether they are male sex or female sex, other words.) Ex:—: Sataday mornings, boys (M. sex) have to clean out cars in a icecold subzero gerage, wile girls (F. sex) only have to vacume warm & cozy carpets.

And yet again about color (sometimes meening race, but they already said race in this PRINCIPLE so they now meen color.); Why? Because, Ex:—: Some persons, who dirt shows on more than other persons because of there snow white color are all the time getting it in the neck (like parents saying: "Good God, your angkles"!! venial sin) when that happens to be the exact night one washed with soap! All this shall end.

One thing the United Nations forgot: —: discrimination by age, like:—Ex:— In 2 years, could Pam, now age 12 drive a car in S. Carolina? Yes!! In Conn.? No!! Could Jim, our brother of 14 marry Linda who he loves in India? Yes!! In Conn.? No!! Showing that the UN forgot the main thing the child get's discriminated for. BUT: after all: nobidies perfect:

PRINCIPLE 2 (really getting going): *The child shall enjoy special protection and shall be given opportunities and facilities, by law and by other means, to enable him to develop physically, mentally, morally, spiritually, and socially in a healthy and normal manner and in conditions of freedom and dignity.* Their going to start some laws, and unless quite a few parents wise up, we happen to know quite a few parents (including by marriage) that will end up incarserated. Because when the UN finds out, surely soon, that every single child in the world spends absolutely the best years of his life from infantry to adultery sitting on a hard seat, bending his head over books that is rooning his eyes and with the most absolutely boaring stuff poaring, poaring, poaring into his ears. At the same time when they breathe in constantly sniffing germs of namonia, chicken pocks, nefritus so they practicly only dare breathe *out* (practicly impossible):—all of which contrary to health and freedom:—then the UN will edict that this situation must CEACE!

PRINCIPLE 3: *The child shall be entitled from his birth to a name and a nationality.* This is also in the Sprit of Chrismas because it portects children from being called Blooper and Kiki even when big, which can become absolutely humalating. Ex:—When John was born our brother Jim was 4 (difficult age) and Jim liked our Uncle Reid so he absolutely made every one call John "Uncle Reid" after him (Uncle Reid). Funny then, but how would John feel nowadays if Mrs. McLeod said in class: "Uncle Reid, suppose you take the next passage?" Like a fool. Principle 3 also protects people from the fate of Philip Nolan, who had to live on boats and not have a nationality for having got mad at the Government once, tho not

*Typed by There Mother

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till grown-up. But children's fate, through the passage of years is to become grown-up or else dead. So look before you leap, which the UN does.

PRINCIPLE 4: *The child shall enjoy the benefits of social security. He shall be entitled to grow up and develop in health; to this end special care and protection shall be provided both him and to his mother, including adequate prenatal and postnatal care.* This sounds like mostly for mothers, but *think, think,* just exactly where would children be without prenatal mothers? NOWHERE. And prenatal fathers are not so absolutely necessary. The First Nowell would have been in a sanidary, recently-modern hospital if people had only had the UN then. The Massacre of the Holy Innocents would be absolutely an object of forbiddance and mortal sin, under penalty of the law.

PRINCIPLE 5: *The child who is physically, mentally, or socially handicapped shall be given the special treatment, education, and care required by his particular condition.* In the interests of the questioning mind, one has to admit that this principle is hard: because:—"physically handicapped" means crippled and those children, they say, have to go to special schools for crippled children:—"mentally handicapped" means retarded, and those children have to go to special schools for retarded children:—"socially handicapped" means Negro in the South but, as is well-known, those children have to come *out* of special schools for Negro children in the South. Does that make sense for physicals and mentals to go *in* yet for socials to come *out*? Not that who are we to critisise, never less, may be grown-ups should clarify there thinking on the topic.

PRINCIPLE 6: *The child for the full and harmonious development of his full personality, needs love and understanding. He shall, wherever possible, grow up in the care and under the responsibility of his parents, and in any case in an atmosphere of affection and of moral and material security. Payment of state and other assistance toward the maintenance of children of large families is desirable.* This one may seem to say a lot of things one already knew, like "love and understanding," etc. etc. etc., but the important thing after all, is that it is still on the side of children, other words: Sprit of Chrismas. One may well ask ourself, although, about assisting (paying) people of large families (personally in our favor), which if they do, they have to make there mind up about populations exploding. For, besides the joys of parenthood, if you get paid too, where will it all end?

PRINCIPLE 7: *The child shall be given an education which will promote his general culture and enable him on a basis of equal opportunity to develop his abilities. The child shall have full opportunity for play and recreation, which shall be directed to the same purpose as education.* It is hard to see how the UN missed the things wrong in this, unless there wrist was getting tired from writting. *Wrong thing No. A*:—There absolutely just isn't anything equal in people's opportunity to learn culture that would be general. Like in West Hartford, U.S.A., culture is French, Mythology, Music, Hiawatha, and things like that but in Wildest Africa culture is Hunting lions, Shrinking heads, Building huts of clay and wattles made, and things like that, none of which there is any of in West Hartford. (Even if there was some way this could be arranged, it would not be very fair to Wildest Africa children.) *Wrong thing No. B*:—(the part about play and recreation). Unforch, as even the dumbest know, play and recreation that is directed always turns out into one thing:—RELAY RACES.

PRINCIPLE 8: *The child shall in all circumstances be among the first to receive protection and relief.* Vere dignum et justum est (altar boy's joke by John). Others, except priests look it up.

PRINCIPLE 9: *The child shall be protected against all forms of neglect, cruelty, and exploitation. He shall not be the subject of traffic in any form.* (It is a known fact that sometimes children run right strate across *without* looking *both ways. Think*: nothing is black and white: all is grey.) Next part: *The child shall not be admitted to employment before an appropriate minimum age.* This is one of the most absolutely Sprit of Chrismaslike things the UN ever said in its life. For NOTE:—

(Continues on page 1562)

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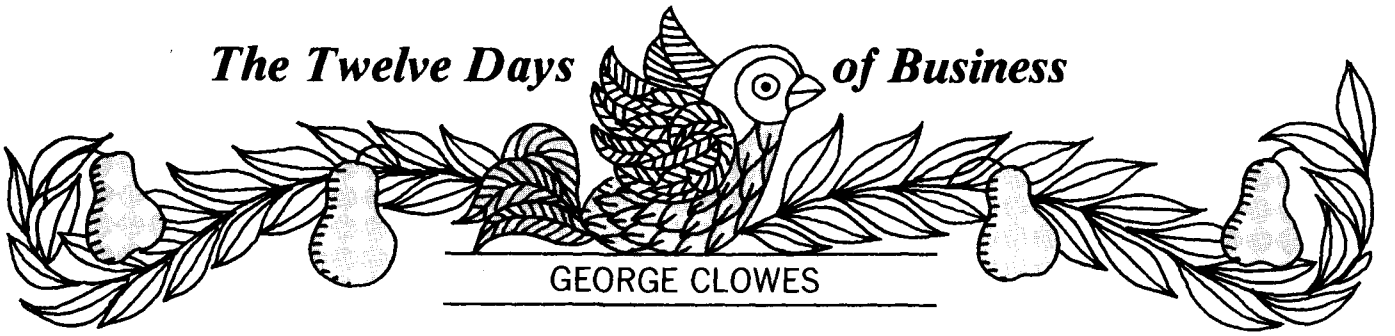
The Twelve Days of Business



GEORGE CLOWES

On my first day of business, my foreman brought to me
A mandate from EEOC.

On my second day of business, my foreman brought to me
Two OSHA men,
And a mandate from EEOC.

On my third day of business, my foreman brought to me
Three FERC forms,
Two OSHA men,
And a mandate from EEOC.

On my fourth day of business, my foreman brought to me
Four NIOSH rules,
Three FERC forms,
Two OSHA men,
And a mandate from EEOC.

On my fifth day of business, my foreman brought to me
Five bouncing checks,
Four NIOSH rules,
Three FERC forms,
Two OSHA men,
And a mandate from EEOC.

On my sixth day of business, my foreman brought to me
Six labor strikes,
Five bouncing checks,
Four NIOSH rules,
Three FERC forms,
Two OSHA men,
And a mandate from EEOC.

On my seventh day of business, my foreman brought to me
Seven product recalls,
Six labor strikes,
Five bouncing checks,
Four NIOSH rules,
Three FERC forms,
Two OSHA men,
And a mandate from EEOC.

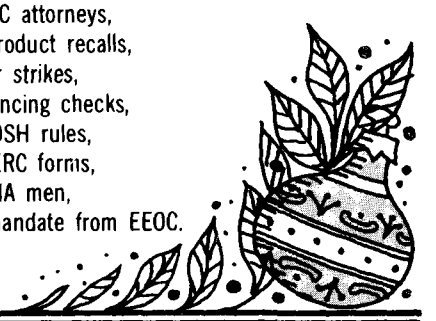
On my eighth day of business, my foreman brought to me
Eight SEC attorneys,
Seven product recalls,
Six labor strikes,
Five bouncing checks,
Four NIOSH rules,
Three FERC forms,
Two OSHA men,
And a mandate from EEOC.

On my ninth day of business, my foreman brought to me
Nine FTC inquiries,
Eight SEC attorneys,
Seven product recalls,
Six labor strikes,
Five bouncing checks,
Four NIOSH rules,
Three FERC forms,
Two OSHA men,
And a mandate from EEOC.

On my tenth day of business, my foreman brought to me
Ten compliance rulings,
Nine FTC inquiries,
Eight SEC attorneys.
Seven product recalls,
Six labor strikes,
Five bouncing checks,
Four NIOSH rules,
Three FERC forms,
Two OSHA men,
And a mandate from EEOC.

On my eleventh day of business, my foreman brought to me
Eleven restraining orders,
Ten compliance rulings,
Nine FTC inquiries,
Eight SEC attorneys,
Seven product recalls,
Six labor strikes,
Five bouncing checks,
Four NIOSH rules,
Three FERC forms,
Two OSHA men,
And a mandate from EEOC.

On my last day of business, my foreman brought to me
Twelve bankruptcy forms,
Eleven restraining orders,
Ten compliance rulings,
Nine FTC inquiries,
Eight SEC attorneys,
Seven product recalls,
Six labor strikes,
Five bouncing checks,
Four NIOSH rules,
Three FERC forms,
Two OSHA men,
And a mandate from EEOC.



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LETTER FROM SANTIAGO

Chile Restored

THOMAS MOLNAR

IT CAME AS a surprise to me, when I visited Chile earlier this year, to hear friends there speaking of Allende's three years in power as merely an interlude—although an annoying and grotesque one—not a catastrophe. In their view, it is the previous six years of Eduardo Frei's Christian Democratic government that are to blame for the demagogic promises, the atmosphere of class struggle, and the open Marxization of the universities, the labor unions, and the media.

I was in Chile in 1966, two years into Frei's government. Half of his ministers were Marxists, as were most Chilean union leaders. And the prestigious Jesuit magazine *Mensaje*, under the influence of the Belgian priest Father Roger Vekemans, was still further left. The kiosks displayed Marxist material, and the work of writers and artists was not published or exhibited unless they followed a leftist line. Raul Silva Henriquez, then cardinal-archbishop of Santiago, who received me, was angered by my criticisms of Teilhard de Chardin and gave me only a half-hearted benediction when I left. But he was all smiles when Allende became president, and he presented the visiting Fidel with a valuable Bible. He would later refuse to celebrate a Te Deum in the cathedral when requested to do so by the new Pinochet government.

But the sins of the Christian Democrats, great as they were, pale in comparison to Allende's. He is pictured by witnesses, both partisans and opponents, as a mini-Caligula: weapons were stored away in anticipation of the day of the complete takeover, and orgies were regular features at his residence (with hidden cameras taking pictures for Soviet-style blackmail). General Pinochet, summoned to Government House at 3 A.M. once, was interrogated about the previous day's activities by a kind of ad-hoc people's court presided over by a drunken Allende wearing an astrakhan fur hat and draped in a blue toga.

Allende left behind an oppressive economic legacy: four-digit inflation, a swollen bureaucracy, and the business community in shambles. The *why* and the *how* were made clear to me not by businessmen or economists, but by a shipyard worker in Valparaiso. "It had all started well for us," he told me. "The Allende government took over entire stocks of factories and distributed the merchandise, free. I received two TV sets—which I sold on the black market. We never had so much money in our pockets. But then things got expensive, hard to find, and finally unobtainable—even food. Now? Now we have less money and prices are high; but the currency is stable and we can plan ahead."

'The Chicago Boys'

What accounts for the "Chilean miracle"—8 per cent unemployment, 5 per cent inflation, and the stores full of goods? The answer is clear: the "Chicago boys" and their supply-side economic policies, although to be sure not everybody agrees with them. Those who do not, argue that Chile should have a state-directed economy, coupled with a good deal of protectionism: its main product is copper, whose world price is depressed, and small and medium-sized enterprises can't compete with foreign imports. How could the electrical industry, to take an example, survive in the face of a Japanese invasion? The government answers that smaller companies should merge and become competitive by cutting overhead. Well and good, but what about those who fall by the wayside—the fathers who lose their jobs, the young people who can't find work?

The best explanation offered for the Friedmanite monopoly over the direction being given Chile's economic course is that in 1973, when Allende fell, the military had no policy of its own, only the will to restore the country to sanity and safety. But the Catholics, Nationalists, and Liberals to whom they turned were unable to work out a unified program. The Catholics opposed the Freemasons among their would-be partners; the Liberals refused to join the Catholics, whom they distrusted. The Chicago School profited from these dissensions, and took charge.

Chile is now moving into the league of modern societies and showing all their ancillary characteristics: consumerism, heavy foreign imports, credit-buying, and permissiveness in family and school. The crowds after office hours in downtown Santiago or Viña del Mar are like the crowds in any big city in the West. Not even the *carabineros* with machine guns at the ready are a strange sight to those who know Paris or Rome.

The leftist presence is a continuing problem. Almost daily the papers report the capture of *subversivos*, usually after an armed confrontation with the military. Those that Amnesty International says have vanished, have indeed vanished: but not all of them into concentration camps, prison cells, or cemeteries. Many are in Cuba, Libya, Algeria, and South Yemen. They return with false papers, often landing at night, from submarines, somewhere along Chile's 2,500-mile-long coastline. They are trained in guerrilla tactics and equipped accordingly. They call themselves "the Resistance." A capital R in a circle appears on a wall, a bomb goes off in a factory, a gas station is held up, shots are exchanged with a military patrol. One security official estimates that in Santiago alone there are between four and eight thousand *subversivos*. There has been a marked upsurge in terrorist activity since the feared state security force, the DINA, was disbanded in 1977.

How should Pinochet's government be rated? Order has been restored, the economy is on an even keel, the nation is working, the military are watchful, the regime is authoritarian rather than dictatorial. Today Chile has a lively economic interchange with countries which appreciate a currency far stronger than the inflationary *cruzeiro* in Brazil and the endlessly plummeting Argentinian *peso*.

On the other hand, Chile, an old country bound fast to the West, shares its self-destructive complexes. It is ques-

(Continues on page 1562)

Mr. Molnar is the author of many books, the most recent being Theists and Atheists: A Typology of Non-Belief.

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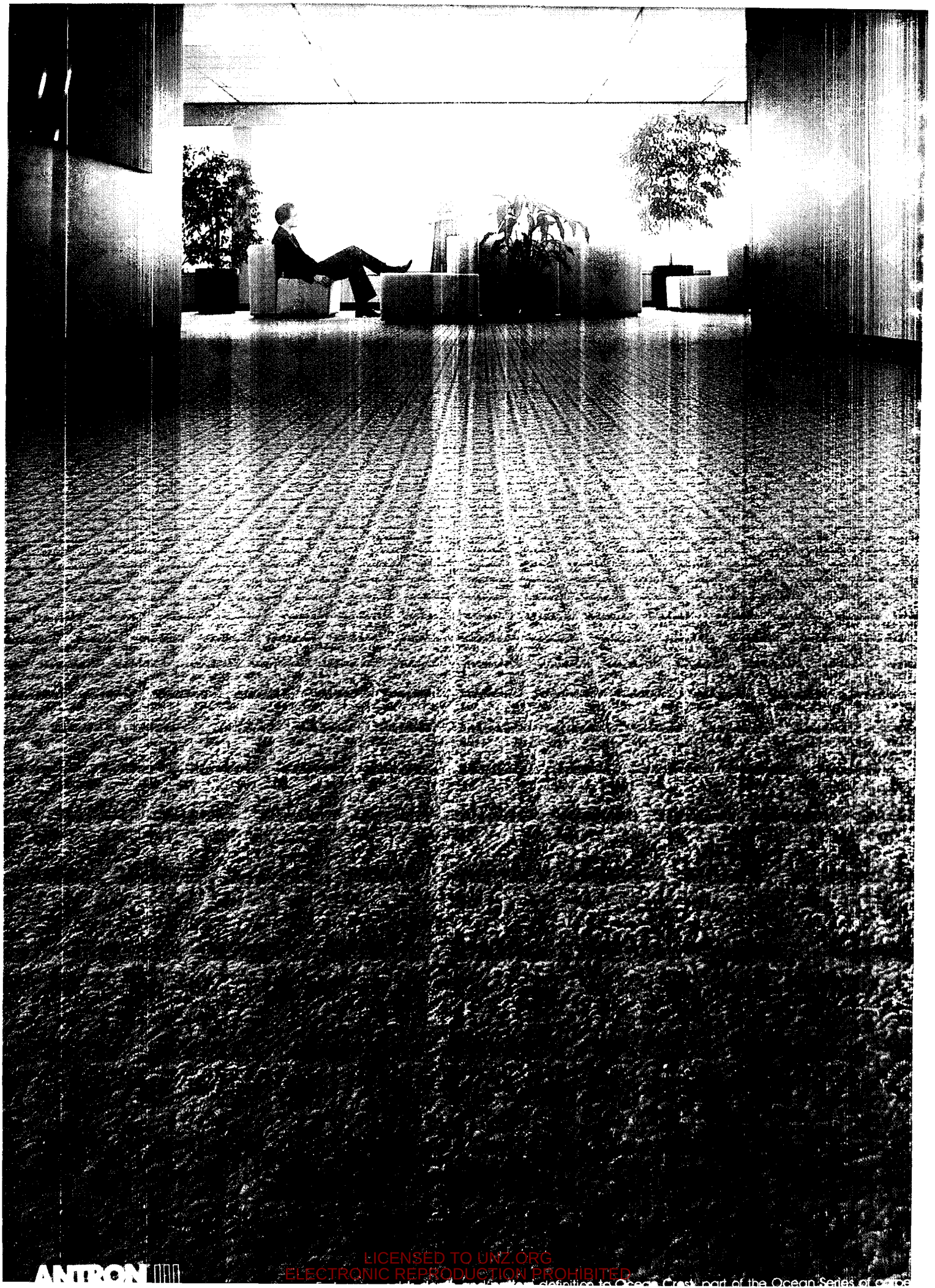

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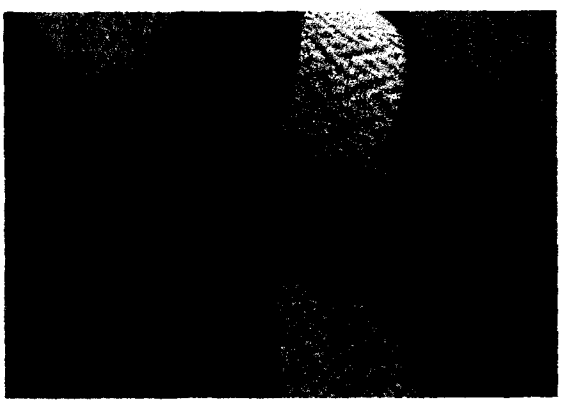

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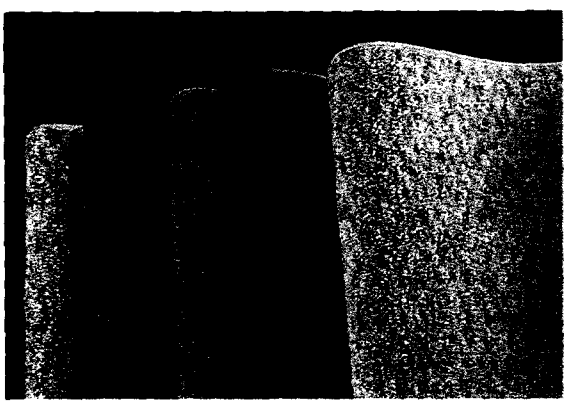

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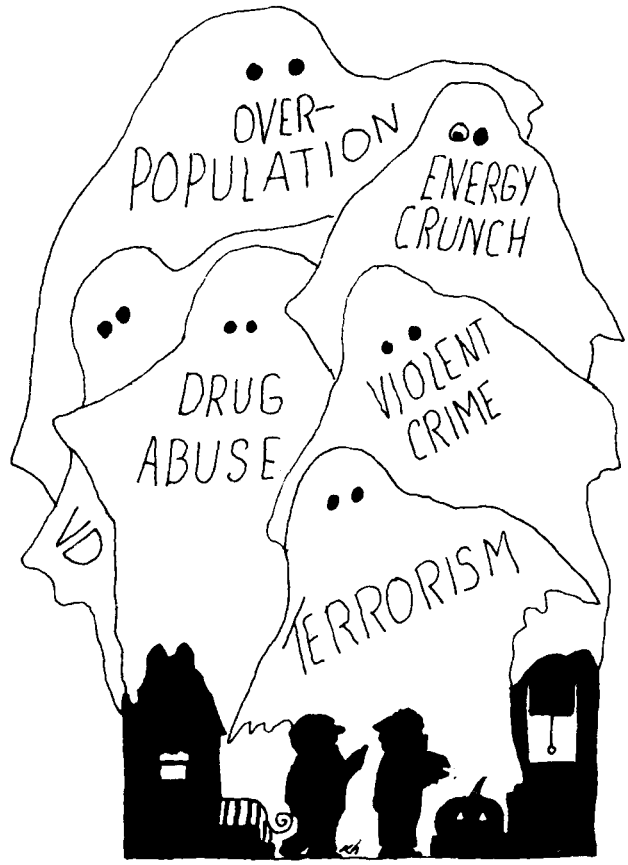
help !!!!

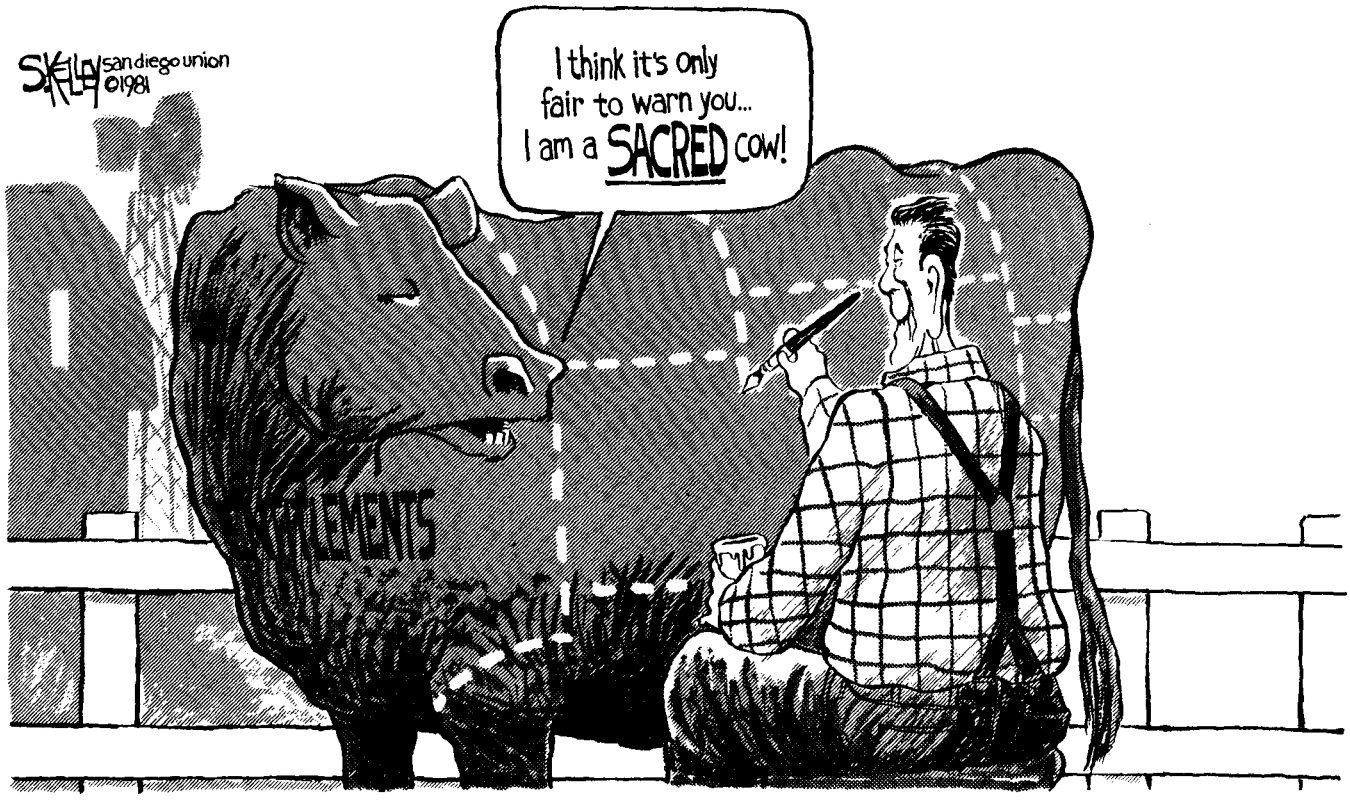
The Soviet Navy

Ho-hum, *Jane's Fighting Ships* is out
With charts for liberals who doubt
That in the world of submarines
Supremacy's within their means.
And when the editors assess
What Hitler did with vastly less,
They all conclude the Soviets
Are where the wise should place their bets.

W. H. VON DREELE



"Remember when all we had to fear was fear itself?"



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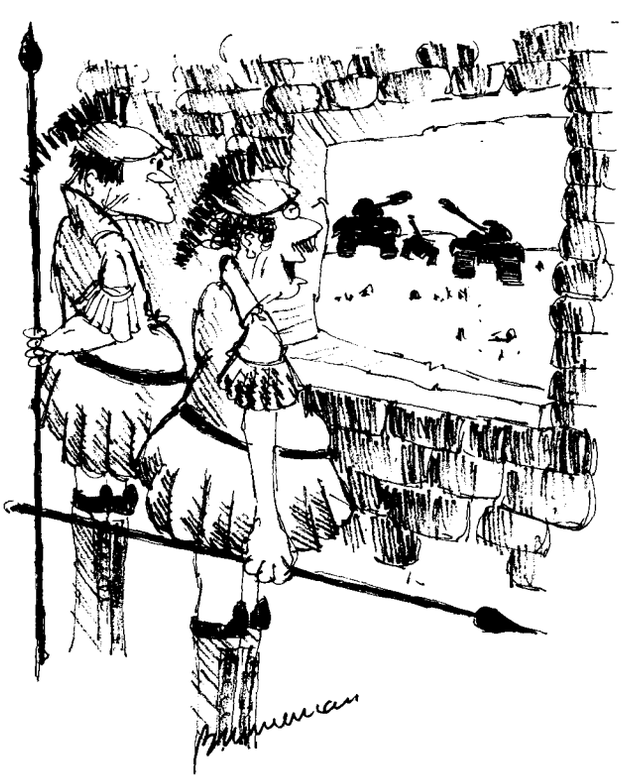
THE COLUMBUS DISPATCH © 1981 BY CHICAGO TRIBUNE - N.Y. NEWS SYNDICATE
...WHERE IS EVERYBODY? DON'T THEY KNOW THAT THERE'S A PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION IN THREE YEARS?
GLENN
Fritz
TED

Nick, *Punch*

"I don't care how good you've been—a contract on your math teacher is out of the question."



Rothco

"Gosh, I didn't realize that they had accelerated the arms race so dramatically!"

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DEATH OF A SHEPHERD

The Polish Catholic Church, led by the Archbishop of Warsaw, eluded Catholic progressives in the West and Communist officials in Poland. Among his most apt pupils was the former Archbishop of Cracow, John Paul II

Remembering Cardinal Wyszynski

FARLEY CLINTON

If he was a forerunner, a symbol, a portent because he was the first bishop who accepted frankly the fact of brute force in the Communists' hands, perhaps he was so also because he detested journalists: *most* journalists. Because he loved the truth, and the Church. And he *really* detested liberal Catholics: he would talk, privately, secretly, to official atheist groups or to straightforward Communists, but not to liberal Catholics. There was no secret about these attitudes; he did all he could to advertise them; but as he might bitterly have predicted, the Western newspapers always forgot to mention them. He was beyond dispute a hero, and if his words were widely known they might have hurt: they certainly were intended to.

Cardinal Wyszynski spoke at length at the Bishops' Synod of 1974: what were journalists doing at a Church meeting? Was it not obvious that they were enemies? Was there a stronger Marxist influence anywhere than the Western press? There certainly was not in Poland. The chief instrument of Marxist propaganda in Poland was the "respectable" journalism of the West, incomparably more perverse and seductive than the ridiculous Polish government. He did not mention *Le Monde* by name, or the *Washington Post*, or their peers, but he unmistakably had such journals in mind; and if the French, English, and American bishops were afraid to challenge them, Cardinal Wyszynski was only too delighted to do it. Archbishop Marcel Lefebvre liked Wyszynski very much, and some of his followers called Lefebvre the French Wyszynski.

Wyszynski anticipated all Lefebvre's protests against what he (and no other bishop except Lefebvre) and the journalists called "Vatican II" for 15 years before Vatican II—the Council, the actual meeting of bishops—opened in Rome in 1962. The question of whether the documents drawn up by that Council are absolutely different in their tendency from those which survive from the medieval Lateran councils, which said a lot of things about a lot of things without settling dogmatic quarrels, can perhaps best be determined by a few learned men who are not born yet.

Arch-Enemies

In any case, the Vatican II documents were not at all necessary to "progressive Catholicism" or to Boleslaw Piasecki, the arch-enemy of Polish Catholicism generally and of Cardinal Wyszynski in particular, who from 1946 on advocated "marching with the times," and "being realistic," and finding a niche for a nominal Catholicism within a revolutionary world. The Polish government encouraged Piasecki's newspapers, *Today and Tomorrow*, *The Universal Voice*, *Directions*, and all sorts of other publications in which he advocated precisely that revolution against Rome and against traditional piety which the Western press later called "Vatican II." At the time of the Council, Wyszynski tried, through the Vatican Secretariat of State, to warn Catholics in the West that Piasecki had a grave "task entrusted to him in connection with the Ecumenical Council." Piasecki was to fill all newspapers, secular and Catholic, with propaganda for the progressive Catholicism that Wyszynski and the Vatican had rejected over and over again.

But in the West Piasecki was successful: the work done by his publications in Poland was suddenly taken up in the United States by the *Catholic Reporter*, the National Catholic News Service, and progressive contributors to *Time* and *The New Yorker*. At Vatican II, Wyszynski, a dead failure, was the most realistic, the best-informed perhaps of the prophets of doom who were much derided by *The New Yorker* and then by the innocents who taught fourth grade. Within Poland he held the line, not perfectly, but fairly well: the Church there, from the time he became Archbishop of Warsaw and Primate of Poland in 1949, had withstood just such a flood of helpful suggestions from false brethren. Under his guidance the Polish bishops stuck together. They were inflexible, and Polish Catholics followed them.

In fact, what appeared to hamstring the Polish bishops in the 1950s actually became an asset after Vatican II. The Communists had given Piasecki a profitable monopoly on all religious publishing, while the bishops had almost nothing. But now, on the other hand, their poverty made it impossible for them, even if they had wanted to, to play the new, expensive games—to turn altars around, rebuild churches, organize holidays and conventions for bored and radical nuns, finance lecture tours by heretics, establish well-paid bureaucracies to oversee changes in every sector of Catholic life, bring out new liturgical texts every week, introduce new catechisms. The destruction of the old rite cost millions in the West, especially in America, and the Poles could not afford it: no bishop in Poland could have a bank account, since the Treasury would

Mr. Clinton is a freelance writer who specializes in religious matters.

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immediately confiscate it. In 1956 Gomulka offered to restore the confiscated wealth of the Church, but Wyszynski, unanimously backed by the bishops, thought it wiser to decline. They survived from day to day on the free offerings of the masses who loved them and saw them as the real leaders of the nation.

At the first session of Vatican II a costly scheme was launched to put forward *Concilium*, "an authoritative and continuing guide to the theological renewal shaping the Church," under the plea that new publications would clarify the nature and import of the Council: Charles Davis, Henri de Lubac, Hans Küng, J. B. Metz, Karl Rahner, Edward Schillebeeckx, Andrew Greeley, all the bright young dinosaurs, were to contribute their ideas. Wyszynski condemned it. "In Poland," said the bishop later chosen by John Paul II to succeed himself as Archbishop of Cracow, "we understand the meaning of Vatican II to be a renewal of devotion to Saint Stanislaus." Karol Wojtyla was perhaps the most influential theological advisor to the Polish bishops during the twenty years (1958-1978) when resistance to the liberal theologies of the West became a preoccupation of Wyszynski's, Davis and Küng his new Piaseckis.

Wyszynski taught Wojtyla to be a great popular leader: taught him, and others, how to defy, outwit, and circumvent the regime. Foreign observers noticed that the bishops he promoted were far more sophisticated than the simple country priests and charming old aristocrats who constituted the Polish clergy before the Second World War. If they are the leaders of Poland, backed by 90 per cent of the population, still they must keep a prudent eye on the Russian tanks, against which there is no defense. But since everyone loves them as holy men, they can do without bank accounts; and so long as the tanks do not move, they need not fear anything, and have no need to be—indeed, cannot be—aloof to anyone. "A Polish bishop spends his life in pastoral visitations and feels perfectly at ease and at home among peasants and laborers," remarked Wyszynski in his formal warning to French bishops and religious superiors against the work of progressive Catholics: "This is a social phenomenon which is unknown in those countries where the masses have become dechristianized."

He had a special devotion to a weeping Madonna in Sicily. This is a small terra-cotta bust of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, the eyes of which, from August 29 to September 1, 1953, suddenly dropped a small flood of human tears (proved to be such under chemical analysis): it happened just before Wyszynski was arrested. The bishops of Sicily formally endorsed the happening as authentic, and Wyszynski in prison made a vow to visit the miraculous statue if he were released. In 1956 he was released, unexpectedly. On December 8 of that year Gomulka approved a decree, abhorrent to almost all Communists, formally authorizing religious instruction in the Polish schools. The following spring Wyszynski went to Sicily, and to Rome to receive the cardinal's hat.

Late and Alone

Something momentous for the Church, more than it seemed at the time, was his voyage through Italy, which had the appearance of a triumphal progress. The first cardinal who greeted him after his train crossed the frontier from Austria was Roncalli (later John XXIII) in Venice. In Florence, Archbishop Florit appeared at the station, representing the aged, enfeebled Cardinal dalla Costa. Wyszynski seemed to acquire immediately and effortlessly a greater popularity than any of the Italian cardinals: the best-known of the Italians, the ones who are *papabili*, are always the archbishops of large cities in the north—*vae! miserae nimium vicina Cremonae*—too close to Cremona, too close to Germany, too close to France, where the masses are dechristianized, and the cardinals are not at home among the peasants and laborers: they sit at desks much of the day, and are very pale.

Wyszynski was the only cardinal in the reign of Pius XII who came for his hat late and alone: he had refused to leave Poland for it until he had emerged as master of the situation, an uncrowned king, the people solidly behind him, not to be refused re-admission to the country by any government. He was the first cardinal who came to Rome, half a martyr, from behind what was then the Iron Curtain. His coming, his confidence that he would return, meant that the iron had been sharply pierced. He was the third youngest of the cardinals. At Pius's death in 1958 only six cardinals were less than sixty years old: 23, including Roncalli, were past 75, too old to have a diocese by the new rules set up after the Council.

Wyszynski was supposed to have a disproportionate influence in the election of the cardinal from Venice, traditionally the gateway to Eastern Europe;

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he remained in Rome longer than any of the other cardinals, returning only at Christmas. He did not mistrust all Western journalists then, though he was perhaps most communicative toward solid Catholics connected with some old family, like Rospigliosi at *Time* and the editor of the London *Tablet*. He did not have the sense then that he would have later, of being face to face with stooges of Piasecki in his interviews with the correspondents of these and similar papers.

Wyszynski certainly had no sense that his own *modus vivendi* with Gomulka could justify anybody, anywhere, in trusting leftist journalists. His policy was his own—he once assured a crowd that he had never, in any interview with Pius XII, Montini (later Paul VI), or Tardini, received any guidance as to how he should deal with political problems. The first important compromises were arranged entirely on his own initiative, soon after he became Archbishop of Warsaw, at a time when the ultra-conservative Cardinal Sapieha of Cracow (who had supervised Karol Wojtyla's theological education) was absent in Rome. But to a great extent the policy arose naturally, inevitably, from the facts of a situation in Poland which nobody could alter.

Needing the Church

The Communists in Poland were so few and unpopular, the Church so very strong, that the Russians felt it necessary at first to adopt a conciliatory policy. They could tighten screws later. But all Poles, Catholic and Communist, were very concerned to keep the former German territory suddenly given to Poland to compensate for the loss of the rich eastern farmlands to Russia. To establish a permanent Polish claim to the new western territories, the cooperation of the Church was vital: for, after the loss of the east, Poland was a solidly Catholic country, and it would create political and historic difficulties if Rome continued to name German bishops and to use German names for the Sees. Gomulka, all through the 1940s, stood for a less militant policy against the Church.

The reasonableness, the virtual necessity, of a working agreement between an insecure government and an omnipotent Church was as plain as it had been to the English in southern Ireland, or in Quebec. It was not really genius, or even shrewdness, that won Wyszynski the peculiar position he held in the Communist world. The facts were what they were; but, all the same, to the Romans he seemed the only man who knew how to deal with Communism.

He received a warm demonstration from the Roman laity in 1958, and a still warmer one at the death of Paul VI. On August 26, 1978, as the cardinals moved slowly one by one through Saint Peter's basilica to be shut into the conclave, the pious and very ordinary Italians huddled under the magnificent Renaissance dome applauded for some of them. None of the supposed candidates whose names occurred in the press (except Benelli) seemed to delight the crowd. The loudest and longest applause went to Wyszynski. It was striking—the first clue, in fact, that two months later a man whose chief claim to attention, really, was that he had been Wyszynski's theological advisor, and that Wyszynski had wanted him as his successor, could become a pope, and a remarkably popular one.

Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski, aged 79, died on May 28, 1981. □

Twang! The Folk Musicians!

Folk musicians recently picketed a Catholic church in Chicago, claiming the pastor was unfair to folk music.

Chorus:
Twang! The folk musicians!
Our spirits ramble far.
We're not obsessed with petty things,
Like tuning our guitars.
Twang! The folk musicians!
In our best Sunday jeans!
We'll sing how Michael rowed his boat,
Though we don't know what it means.

Just 'round 1960
The times began to change:
We soon arrived at '61—
My gosh, those days were strange!
The Church became more liberal
And opened up her doors:
She wanted fresh ideas
But got folkies by the score.

Chorus

The Mass became a happening,
With music, art, and more!
We draped the walls with tie-dyed cloth
And sat 'round on the floor.
In vestments made of colored felt
The priest, whose name was Joan,
With solemn look and gesture
Then would shift her microphone!

Chorus

But people soon grew tired
Of our crudely rendered men
And the pretty little daisies
We would draw with felt-tipped pens.
Though what we do is childish,
And our routines now bore,
Have patience, please! Our average age
Is only thirty-four!

Chorus

—JONATHAN SWIFT SOMERS II

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Comments ON CONSERVATISM AND MODERNISM

As a sexually repressed Catholic and a figurative painter, I read Mr. Hart's "Intelligent Woman's Guide . . ." [Nov. 27] with interest. Regarding sexual attitudes, Mr. Hart is reacting against a past no longer there—a modernist cliché. One would have to be a blind deaf-mute (or at least a saint) to hang on to one's virtue in as sensational an environment as we live in.

Regarding the artist's revolutionary relationship with the past, it should be noted that stupid nineteenth century academic Realism was a localized phenomenon that was blown to smithereens by the turn of the century. For anyone to continue to react against that is somewhat neurotic and counter-productive. However, just such a neurosis led Alfred Barr to relegate Matisse's Nice period to second-class status, when those paintings are in fact some of the best Western painting of any time.

Daniel B. Judd
Somerville, Mass.

I would like to take issue with Mr. Hart's comment on Paolo and Francesca. True, Dante places these illicit lovers in the second circle of Hell, and true, had they repented they would have "gone to the Purgatorio, and listened to the sweet music, and loved God too." But isn't that true of everyone in Hell? The difference is not the nature of their sins, but their refusal to wish to be purged of them. Not only other illicit lovers, but people who did things far worse, are on the road to salvation because they accepted God's grace and submitted to His discipline.

Bob Tilliard
Mt. Auburn, Mass.

Professor Hart declares, among other "scientific" assertions, that "The Newtonian universe is gone." It is true that Newton's laws have been found not to apply to subatomic and macrocosmic phenomena; but those of us who live in unmodern parts of the universe where actions still produce equal and opposite reactions continue to think highly of Sir Isaac.

A. K. Tanyer
New York, N.Y.

In Jeffrey Hart's clever dialogue, there seems to be a point at which description edges over into prescription. He first tells us that the modern world has tended to break traditional ties—to family, to a place, to a mode of living: certainly a true statement. But then he seems to be saying that it's wrong to try to maintain or re-create these ties—that the "freedom" he is talking about is only the freedom to change, not the freedom to remain. And yet some of the literature he cites, and other works that would appear to be their offspring, yearn precisely to find a continuity in this world of discontinuities. The narrative voice in *The Waste Land* is frantic, desperate—"These fragments I have shored against my ruins." The poem embraces—helps invent—modernism in its form, rejects many of its implications in its content. In the same way, non-literary Americans are, in increasing numbers, using the new freedom to travel that the jet airplane provides in order to return to the places their ancestors came from so laboriously a few generations ago.

I would suggest that alongside that "universal human desire for concrete freedoms" is a widespread human desire *not* to have to reinvent the self, a feeling that even if we might not choose to return to the status quo before the First World War, we are also conscious of how much we have lost, and how much more we might lose yet if we exaggerate the depth of our break with everything that went before.

Laura di Stefano
Baltimore, Md.

Jeff Hart writes movingly about the modernist moral commandment—to make "decisions in actual situations under the absolute imperative of love"—but his doctrine really only works as a supplement, not an alternative, to traditional moral codes.

Human beings are not angels, nor are most of us saints. Our reserves of love —*caritas*, charity—are not limitless. If we did not have notions such as "that's wrong," or "it just isn't done," to restrain us, how many more unkind or evil things would we do and say?

Raskolnikov, to take the example the Young Man in this dialogue finds so risible, was certainly guilty of a failure of love toward the old women. But if he had not also decided that natural and divine law did not apply to him, he would still not have murdered them. Likewise, it is a failure of love to murder quantities of your countrymen and enslave the rest, but if Stalin, Hitler, Mao had not also jettisoned natural law and the strictures of religion or Confucian ethics, they would not have done as they did.

Not, by the way, that there's anything distinctively modern about these three tyrants, apart from the technical means to be so thorough. But neither is their sin that they were reactionary—it is that they were a law unto themselves.

Linda Bridges
New York, N.Y.

If the goal of conservatism is to have "a very wide appeal," to win adherents, then stop the train, I want to get off. I thought it was about truth and all that stuff.

Eric Voegelin, in *The New Science of Politics*, states that the chief characteristic of the modern gnostic is his attempt to "immanentize the eschaton," or, more simply, to produce heaven on earth, or, even more simply, "to make

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it happen." Or as Mr. Hart quotes Lionel Trilling, "the moment to be snatched."

Involved in this, of course, there must be a corresponding immanentization of the transcendent God. Man must be made anew, the "natural law will have to be reformulated"—man has a new nature in modernity, he is half-divine. This, by the way, was what Karl Marx said explicitly and the modern totalitarians mentioned by Mr. Hart have tried to effect.

As an interesting aside, we notice Hart's particularization of his conclusion about the natural law: "It is simply a fact that as most people live their lives under modern circumstances sex is not very closely connected with reproduction." If that is Static Axiom Number 1 in the New Natural Law, where have we come from the "young-fogy American conservatives and American Catholics generally," who "place an altogether disproportionate emphasis on sex and sex-related moral questions"?

(Rev.) Thomas J. Calpin
Philadelphia, Pa.

Jeff Hart's Young Man puts great stock in history ("historically, mankind always chooses freedom"), but he is not nearly radical enough. History is *everything*, and those who turn to it for justification must accept everything it offers. Some do so, notably poets ("The affirmation of life and of death prove to be identical"—Rilke).

But polemicists, like Jeff and myself, pick favorites. This involves the historicists among us in the game of deciding in which direction history "really" moves, while writing off everything else as backwash. Not surprisingly, we find history moving in the direction of our desires. Thus, Jeff's heroes—St. Paul, Picasso, the apostles of freedom—go with the flow, while his villains—Steinbeck, Stalin—become "reactionaries," "rear-guard attempts" to hold things back. Me, I think six million Jews and 12 million kulaks aren't a bad century's work for a rear guard.

And what about those freedoms, which Paul preached and Picasso painted? Are they options, to be chosen among, or imperatives, to be followed ("*requir*[*ing*] the constant invention of the self")? If the latter, what are we applauding for?

Traditional social links "have been weakened or broken, of course, by historical developments of a non-ideological character—by industrialization, by urbanization, by the widening possibilities of geographical and social mobility. But the point to be made here is that the bad effects of these developments have been intensified, rather than moderated . . . A moral assault as well has been conducted on these natural links, a moral assault that would seem to have as its intention the isolation of the individual, the reduction of him to a 'free' self." Jeff couldn't say it better. In fact, he did say it, on page 476 of *American Conservative Thought in the Twentieth Century*.

Richard Brookhiser
New York, N.Y.

Several of NATIONAL REVIEW's senior editors (e.g., Frank Meyer, Whittaker Chambers) were Communists before they were conservatives; for them, the "conservative intellectual movement" was from Marx to Hegel to Burke. With "An Intelligent Woman's Guide to Conservatism," Jeffrey Hart presents us with the spectacle of a senior editor going backward—although he would call it going forward—from Burke to Hegel to Marx and Nietzsche.

Jeff Hart begins by asserting that "modern" and "American" are the "key words" for a successful conservatism, but at the end of his discussion he recommends not Lincoln, Jefferson, or Washington, but Hegel and Nietzsche as the preferred guides to this conservatism. Why? Because Americans are modern, and modernity is based on a "radical break with the past." Modernity is "centrally about *freedom*," not only freedom from past conventions but from nature itself; it is only this radical liberation from all "givens" that allows, indeed demands, that modern art be "constantly changing," and that modern politics should be assimilated to modern art. It is the philosophy of Hegel and Nietzsche that recognized and interpreted this freedom.

The problem, of course, is that modern art "has entirely separated itself from morality," and even from "content." The moral counterpart of this is that the natural law needs to be "reformulated," since man's "nature" is constantly changing and the "world view" on which the old natural law was based is *passé*. But what would politics based on the natural law *à la* Jackson Pollock be like? It would be marked by the "desire for intensity of emotion" and the quest for "authenticity" (the "Savage Savage" is preferable to the "Noble Savage"). The language of authenticity belongs to Heidegger, but the politics of emotion and authenticity belong to Hitler. Is this what "modern American conservatism" is supposed to be about?

To be sure, Jeff Hart dismisses Nazism and Communism as reactionary movements more or less doomed (he equivocates here) by "the universal human desire for concrete freedoms." But according to the Communists, concrete freedoms cannot exist till the world is paved in concrete, i.e., till the whole world is Communist and the realm of bourgeois necessity has been left behind. Who then is the real reactionary? It does not help to stigmatize Mao Tse-tung for longing for a utopian "peasant commune," since his idea of rural community was always bound up with the very modern doctrine of perpetual revolution and the dogma that tomorrow belonged to him. That is why freedom per se cannot be the solution to the intellectual problems of conservatism. It must be freedom understood in the light of virtue, hence connected to the idea of human nature, which idea Hart, along with the Marxists, rejects altogether.

Charles R. Kesler
Cambridge, Mass.

Waiving lots of compliments and qualifications, I must say that Jeffrey Hart's thesis strikes me, on the whole, as muddled and wishful thinking. Conservatism is what it was.

Joseph Sobran
Lawrenceville, N.J.

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Abroad

Hanoi *In the Red*

The Socialist Republic of Vietnam, like many another satellite of the Soviet Union, is in dire economic straits, and will stay there for the foreseeable future. Whereas once Vietnam produced a surplus of rice, for example, there is now an annual rice deficit of two million tons, and much of the rest of farm production goes to Moscow to pay for debt-servicing. The peasants in the agricultural south have resisted collectivization despite extreme forms of "re-education," while in the "loyal" north, public demonstrations of protest against industrial conditions have been staged in Hanoi and Haiphong. Unemployment stands at over one million in the urban zones and threatens to increase at a galloping rate for the next few years. Russian managers and technicians stationed here have grown unpopular; Russian supplies are openly pilfered, not to say confiscated, and Russian personnel are generally isolated by the Vietnamese from direct contact with the nerve-centers. In retaliation, there has been a slowing down of supplies for modernizing the all-important Vietnamese coal mines, abandonment of work on the vital north-south railway link with Saigon, and higher interest rates and shorter terms for the vast sums Hanoi owes Moscow. On this debt the Vietnamese have come to pay an annual $240 million, ten times what they were paying six years ago, and more than all Vietnamese exports earn in hard exchange. The dong, the Vietnamese unit of currency, is worth, after repeated devaluations, less than a quarter of its previous value. As in other Soviet-style economies, there is a flourishing black market on which the Vietnamese depend for food and other items. Politically, too, Vietnamese policy is near bankruptcy. Serious discord with China and the bogging down of its military operations in Laos and Cambodia have damaged the prestige of Vietnam as "the Prussia of Indochina," while the free countries of Southeast Asia show little interest in any kind of dealings with Hanoi. In these circumstances, the recent nomination of a new chairman of the council of ministers who is said to have a pro-Chinese background may herald a more prudent foreign policy. He is 73-year-old Truong Chinh, whose name, meaning "Long March," was chosen by him in the 1930s as a tribute to Mao Tse-tung. His arrival in power therefore suggests an attempt to pull back from the Soviet economic and political brink.

Johannesburg *Whispers of Change*

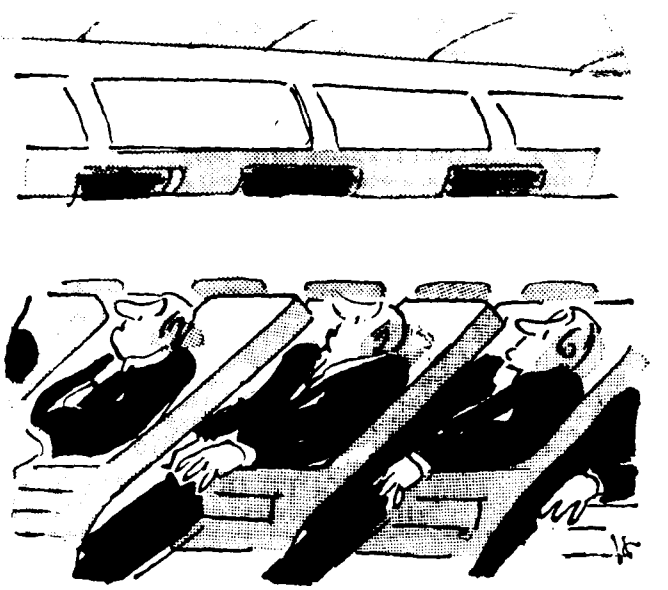
There is increasing evidence that the South African business community is resisting the government's racial policies and in particular the official view that there is no hurry about changing the conditions of work and education for blacks. For example, a statement to shareholders for 1981 made by Mike Rosholt, executive chairman of Barlow Rand, the biggest South African industrial group, says: "There is a growing understanding in this country that racial discrimination and economic growth are not compatible." The statement added that it is "a matter of urgency to speed up . . . the removal of all discriminatory measures which restrict equal economic opportunities for all groups and which preclude effective participation by black entrepreneurs in the economy." The statement especially criticized slowness in the provision of housing for blacks in cities; the lack of improvement in black schooling; and the rate of increase in the number of black apprentices.

Athens *Cultural Front*

Greek actress Melina Mercouri, who won fame in *Never on Sunday*, has turned up as Minister of Culture in the new Greek government of socialist Andreas Papandreou, and she finds that culture budgets in Greece are as liable to suffer at the expense of other concerns of state as they are elsewhere. "Right away I asked for double the amount of money allocated to culture," she told an interviewer. "It's not going to ruin the country, and I'm not losing sight of our considerable economic and social problems." But, she continued, "Much too much money is being spent on the army—a little could be spent on culture too. After all, it's the same battle." The new government, which has espoused a policy of left-wing nationalism, had accused the outgoing regime of being too much under the influence of "Americanism." Would the new Minister of Culture declare war on the American film industry, for example? "There is no question," replied Miss Mercouri, "of discriminating against any country including the United States. But we do not want our openness to foreign things, which is a source of richness and must be kept as such, to free us from our obligation of national creation . . ."

London *Empty Book?*

Writer Penny Junor is doing a book about the Princess of Wales which will be published next May, a month before the Princess expects her first child, but there is speculation as to what will be in it. Miss Junor confesses she is having trouble finding material because there is "a wall of silence and uncooperativeness put up by the Palace." She also thinks that anyone associated with the Princess's family and former home of Althorp in Northamptonshire has been instructed not to give out any information.



Holland, *Sunday Telegraph* Rothco

Modern Air Travel

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The Making of a Hero

Douglas MacArthur: The Philippine Years
By Carol Morris Petillo
Indiana, 301 pp., $17.50

SELDEN RODMAN

His father was a hero—by some accounts the 18-year-old captain's bravery and disregard for orders were the turning point in the decisive battle of the Civil War. His mother was a Southern belle with a will of iron who devoted the better part of her life to making a military hero of their son. Between them, they exerted a pressure on their son that few men could have withstood.

Years after the charge up Missionary Ridge, Arthur MacArthur was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. Douglas, after his escape to Australia from Corregidor, was finally awarded the same medal; he had previously been recommended for it for his exploits in Mexico as a young lieutenant, and later for his reckless bravery under fire in France as the nation's youngest general in World War I. In between, his mother had taken a house in West Point to make sure that her son graduated at the top of his class; and a decade later the barrage of letters she fired at members of Congress and the War Department in Washington were instrumental in his appointment as the youngest Chief of Staff in American history—an office that his father had merited but never received. The son never rebelled, consciously, against the authority of these two indomitable parents, revering them to the end, and finding his dominant motivation in the lifelong effort to be what they expected him to be.

Carol Petillo's book is about the price Douglas MacArthur had to pay for that unremitting, exalted pressure. His ambivalence and his contradictory traits began to appear at the age of four when his mother, grieving for the loss of an older son, dressed Douglas in skirts and curled his shoulder-length hair to prolong his childhood and keep him dependent on her. "Dressed like his mother, he was increasingly expected to act like his father."

As a young man, though athletic and always the leader, he remained aloof from members of his own generation; and with young women he established a pattern of brief, simultaneous courtships which precluded the necessity of real intimacy. He was encouraged to be self-reliant, but never at the expense of his need for his mother. A series of poems and letters exchanged with a young lady in Milwaukee—an episode not accessible to William Manchester when he was writing his sovereign biography of MacArthur, *American Caesar*, five years ago—reveals the young lieutenant inventing an elaborate fantasy of heroic service abroad to escape the possibility of a union that would have separated him from his mother and the career they were pursuing together. Yet so firmly had his future been implanted in him that when his mother, embittered over her husband's failure to make it quite to the top, had prevailed on E. H. Harriman to give Douglas an executive job with Union Pacific, her son for the first time rejected her advice.

Throughout his life, Douglas MacArthur's home (insofar as he ever had one) was the Philippines. First as a young officer in the native army being trained by his father to protect the islands after the ejection of Spain, later as Field Marshal of that same constabulary in the decades between World Wars I and II, and later still as Commanding General forced to flee by the Japanese invaders and then fight his way back to the ultimate triumphs in Manila and Tokyo Bay, MacArthur came to regard the archipelago as a safe haven, its people and their struggle for independence and self-government as a spiritual challenge. Yet in that unfolding drama his lifelong ambivalence—overcome in terms of sexuality once his mother had died in Manila and the mantle of her protective spirit had been assumed by his second wife—more than once led him down dark paths, as when, after Pearl Harbor, he allowed his precious fleet of bombers and fighters to be wiped out at Clark Field; or when, at Corregidor, he accepted a cash gift of almost a million dollars from Manuel Quezon, in violation of army ethics; or, finally, when he insisted—out of his obsession with the islands and his desire for vindication—that the Philippines be reconquered in preference to Formosa as the final stepping-stone to Japan, a decision that may have lengthened the war and, in any case, led to the block-by-block destruction of the Philippine capital.

Nereo E. Condini *is a freelance literary critic residing in New Jersey.* . . . **Thomas Mallon** *is a professor of English at Vassar College.* . . . **Alan L. Miller** *is an editorial writer with the* Detroit News. . . . **Selden Rodman** *is a prolific poet, translator, and literary and art critic.* . . . **Mitchell S. Ross** *is the author of* The Literary Politicians *and* Invitation to Our Times.

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Like his father, Douglas MacArthur could never quite make up his mind whether the Filipinos were to be considered pawns in America's imperial policy or a people to be given democratic opportunities to achieve their true independence. And it was not, ironically, until Douglas MacArthur had become proconsul in Japan with absolute power that he finally achieved for the docile and hero-worshipping Japanese what he had never been able to give the more spirited Filipinos.

If Carol Petillo had pursued this kind of psychobiography with the rigid determinism of a Freud or a Marx, her portrait of such a complex character as MacArthur would have been unconvincing. Fortunately she writes with enough subtlety and compassion to add a dimension to MacArthur's stature. But it remains true that, of MacArthur's biographers, only Manchester, a romantic himself, truly appreciates the last of the tragic heroes and has what it takes to bring him to life. □

Death Beam
By Robert Moss
Crown, 408 pp., $13.95

THE MOSS CONNECTION

ALAN L. MILLER

To paraphrase a common aphorism, inside every non-fiction author there is a novelist struggling to escape. Yet few writers are able to make the transition successfully. Robert Elegant and William F. Buckley Jr. have proved to be notable exceptions—to the delight, no doubt, of their publishers, as well as their reading publics. Crown has cause for similar delight with Robert Moss, who has just produced his first solo novel, *Death Beam*.

Moss was the co-author of *The Spike*, last year's fiction sleeper that was eventually discovered by the critics after it had started to dominate the best-seller charts. That story, a mixture of current events and the nether world of intelligence agents, moles, and Soviet duplicity, appealed to an audience that has become increasingly discontented with the national naïveté about the cold war. *Death Beam* is a variation on a similar theme, but the stakes are considerably higher this time: the Soviets have perfected a laser-like weapon that has the potential of inflicting a technological Pearl Harbor upon the United States. Like its predecessor, this novel entertains and alarms in equal measure, as it contrasts American passivity with the relentless Soviet menace.

There is an authenticity about the book that reflects the author's impeccable credentials. His internationally syndicated column originates in the London *Daily Telegraph*. He is a former editor of *The Economist*'s intelligence bulletin "Foreign Report." A frequent lecturer at NATO military colleges, he is an acknowledged authority on global terrorism and was an advisor to Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. At present, he divides his time between Europe and the United States, where he briefs business and academic groups on international politics. And in his spare time, he produces novels that cause us to consider the disturbing connection between fact and fiction.

Death Beam centers on the CIA's unwillingness to accept a Soviet defector's warning that the Russians have developed a doomsday weapon capable of bringing America to its knees. The Agency has its own reasons for skepticism. First, to concede that the Soviets have perfected such a weapon would be an admission that the CIA has been outmaneuvered by a KGB triple agent who was being manipulated by Moscow. Secondly, it would confirm that Washington had been duped by the SALT agreement.

Yet the recently appointed chief of Defense Intelligence, an open critic of the Agency's instinct for covering its behind, offers a more candid analysis: "The Soviets already have a beam weapon. Let's think of it as a controlled lightning bolt. We have every reason to think that they can fire this thing from ground bases against low-flying satellites and aircraft. It's only a matter of time before they put the thing on board a space battle station and take the war a few thousand miles up into space. They may have done so already. We also have the strongest possible reasons to believe that the Soviets have developed an offensive beam weapon capable of irradiating huge areas on the earth's surface, something that would make Hiroshima look like a picnic in Central Park."

The Soviets, we learn, not only possess such a weapon, they plan to unleash it on America's Eastern Seaboard on November 7. While a demoralized CIA debates the issue with U.S. policymakers, a resourceful trio of Western intelligence operatives decide to counter the death beam by sabotaging the Russian launch. An unorthodox CIA veteran, a suave British agent, and a seductive Israeli beauty join forces to thwart the Soviets' sinister design. They have but a few weeks to accomplish their perilous mission, which takes them from the streets of Manhattan, to the sand-swept reaches of the Middle East, and thence to the Asiatic steppes of eastern Russia.

Moss propels the reader to a dramatic denouement that is predictable yet refreshing in its clarity. And therein lies the ultimate appeal of this engaging novel. Moss does not dally with the psychological pretensions that often afflict the genre—with ruminations over whether there is an ethical difference between the opposing forces. In Moss's novel, the Soviets and their lackeys are clearly contemptible, and the reader understands that this deadly game is played for keeps.

This is not to suggest that *Death Beam* is without flaws. The character development is rather thin and the continuity sometimes sags. Yet the story works because it reminds us that national complacency is a prelude to defeat. □

Early Auden
By Edward Mendelson
Viking, 407 pp., $20

CITIZEN AUDEN

THOMAS MALLON

When, in "September 1, 1939," he called the Thirties "a low dishonest decade," W. H. Auden gave them their most enduringly quotable label. But as Edward Mendelson, Auden's literary executor, makes clear in this excellent study of Auden's early career, that decade was, for Auden himself, quite a nobler matter.

Auden spent his first years as a poet in a remarkably earnest quest for vision and voice. He may have been "intellectually promiscuous"—chasing, repainting, and then neglecting the rainbows of

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Freud, Marx, and History—but a steady undercurrent of humane development, one that would survive his ideological fits and starts, was also flowing through his art. A vision of community and an acceptance of the world's imperfections were slowly maturing in him, and these qualities would ultimately overcome the consuming self-absorption of poems like "Family Ghosts" and the bald didacticism of ones like "Spain" (with its "conscious acceptance of guilt in the necessary murder"). Almost without knowing it, Auden was becoming a poet of the blessed and troubling here and now that we must all live in. The citizen-observer was replacing the visionary egoist. *Letter to Lord Byron* (from the summer of 1936) is convincingly cited by Mendelson as the credo for what was to come:

> *To me Art's subject is the human clay,*
> *And landscape but a background to a torso;*
> *All Cézanne's apples I would give away*
> *For one small Goya or a Daumier.*

Auden is presented by Mendelson as a welcome survivor of the modernist era of Yeats, Eliot, and Pound, a man who became a "civil" rather than a "vatic" poet. Indeed, Mendelson sees the whole modernist period as a dangerous extension of Romanticism, an anti-social and egocentric spree that disrupted not only traditional styles of expression but the artist's sense of responsibility to his audience. He hails Auden as the "first English writer who absorbed all the lessons of modernism" before throwing in his artistic lot with the dormant tradition of citizen poets "whose purpose is to entertain and instruct."

To be sure, Mendelson serves up his own version of modernism in too large a ladle, after carelessly stewing too many authors in a single pot. (Finding the "lyric personal voice" dominant in the novels of Joyce is like hearing Esperanto at Babel.) But if Mendelson is sometimes too clamorous, he is never mealy-mouthed, and given the current state of criticism the former excess is to be preferred to the latter timidity. A poem is, to him, not a mere rhetorical Tinker Toy to be deconstructed and semioticized. Rather, it is the print of a human voice, an utterance which may be described as "wretched" or "luminous." It is to be judged for the quality of its morals as well as the intricacy of its machinery.

Mendelson is capable of excellent technical analysis: his account of how, in Auden's famous "Lullaby" ("*Lay your sleeping head, my love, / Human on my faithless arm*"), the syntax deliberately betrays the diction and forces the poem to say something quite unexpected, is a fine critical feat. But more exciting is his scrutiny of that poem's "densely time-conscious and moral" idiom. One will find in *Early Auden* neither sterile formalism nor godawful solemnity. It stands with Mary McCarthy's recent *Ideas and the Novel* as a hearty antidote to current academic criticism; both books stylishly push commentary back toward the realms of the social and the ethical.

The reader of this volume would be well advised to keep Professor Mendelson's edition of *The English Auden* (Random House, 1978) close by, for this is a book of intricately sustained readings. One wishes, in fact, for a bit more biographical leavening, not only because Auden's life was interesting in itself, but also to fill out the interplay Mendelson properly perceives among poet, poem, and social circumstance. Mendelson has elsewhere written of his reasons for not continuing the biography of Auden that he and Stephen Spender began, but one cannot help wishing for a volume that would provide a comfortable middle ground between the excellent (but somewhat unrelieved) critical efforts here, and the comparatively uncritical—but fact-filled and entertaining—biography of Auden Charles Osborne produced a couple of years ago.

Mendelson has, nevertheless, admirably accomplished the task he set for himself. He also embraces a new one. Acknowledging that there are still many critics "for whom the young Auden is the One True Auden," who see his move to America as the start of a boy wonder's burn-out, he correctly reminds us that nearly the opposite was true: the best was yet to come. The generous and wise poet of *Horae Canonicae*, among other volumes, with his "sense of responsibility to the imperfect city," was still to be. Mendelson's preface gives us the good news that a "second volume" will take up that later and much underrated work. Readers of *Early Auden* will be eager to accompany him on the rest of the journey. □

If on a Winter's Night a Traveler
By Italo Calvino
Harcourt Brace, 260 pp., $12.95

A SPIRITUAL EMBRACE

NEREO E. CONDINI

At the beginning of his tenth novel, Italo Calvino talks about the Reader who's going, or thinks he's going, to enjoy Italo Calvino's latest and, he hopes, original book. After warning him about the way to tackle the just-purchased work, the author's voice suddenly ceases, and we face a man waiting, in a fog-shrouded and unidentified station, for a connection, a spy like himself, to whom he must deliver a suitcase. The contact does not arrive. He has been killed, and the man is ordered to proceed to another destination. As the "I" of the first chapter vanishes into the night, the Reader finds a printer's mistake. Disappointed and indignant, he rushes to the bookseller, who explains that the galleys of Calvino's novel became mixed with those of a Polish novel, *Outside the Town of Malbork*. Does the Reader want its sequel? He does, inspired in his choice by a fellow reader, Ludmilla, whom he has met in the store. The reality of the book plunges them into the mystery of life, and they exchange telephone numbers.

After finishing *Outside the Town of Malbork*, as concrete as *If on a Winter's Night* was indistinct, the Reader falls into another impasse: the pages suddenly alternate, one printed, one blank. Some characters don't make sense, and he thinks that perhaps this is the real Polish novel, whereas *Outside the Town of Malbork* was the beginning of something else. He checks the names in an encyclopedia and finds out that the country described in *Outside the Town of Malbork* is Cimmeria, not Poland. He calls Ludmilla for a literary appointment, and they meet at the office of Cimmerian specialist Uzzi-Tuzii. The professor confirms that they

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RANDOM NOTES

■ MORE JANUARY TITLES: *Martin Buber's Life and Work: The Early Years 1878-1923* (Dutton, $25.75), by Maurice Friedman, looks to be an excellent, superlatively well-researched biography of the theorist of the "I-Thou" relationship. . . . Richard Quebedeaux's *By What Authority: The Rise of Personality Cults in American Christianity* (Harper & Row, $11.50) argues that in following such figures as Aimee Semple McPherson and Billy Sunday, Americans are seeking guidance in what he calls a "post-moral age." . . . Laurance Thompson and R. H. Winnick's superb biography of Frost has been condensed by Edward Connery Latham into a single volume as *Robert Frost: A Biography* (Holt, Rinehart, $25). . . . John Simon's latest volume of movie criticism is *Reverse Angle: A Decade of American Films* (Clarkson Potter/Crown, $15.95). It includes pieces printed originally in *Esquire*, *New York*, *The New Leader*, and NATIONAL REVIEW, and enhances the author's reputation as quite simply the best, though not the most popular, film critic in the business.

■ COMING IN FEBRUARY: *Like It Was: The Diaries of Malcolm Muggeridge* (Morrow, $14.95), selected and edited by John Bright-Holmes, are, despite the wholly out-of-character title, just plain wonderful. They cover the period from 1932 to 1962.

■ BOOK BIZ: It is heartening to read that David Atlee Phillips, the former CIA agent, has brought suit against the publishers and authors of the novel *Death in Washington*, written by Donald Freed and Fred Landis and published under the imprint of Lawrence Hill & Co. Inc. of Westport, Connecticut. (Phillips even sued William F. Pepper, who contributed a foreword.) According to the novel, Phillips is guilty of covering for the Chilean junta in the killing of Orlando Letelier and of obstructing the ensuing investigation. "Ex-intelligence officers have been battered around in recent years and we've taken a beating," Phillips says. "I've decided it's time to challenge this malicious treatment in the public forum. I believe that a test case should be mounted against writers who defame ex-intelligence officers, dead and alive, by using their names in egregious novels."

—CW

have been reading a Cimmerian novel, *Leaning from the Steep Slope*. He opens a copy of it and gives an impromptu translation.

And so the story goes along, from the beginning of one novel to the beginning of another, from one translation to a translation of another translation, to a forgery of the original and irretrievable text. Symbols are piled on symbols, images on images, together with phonemes, morphemes, paragraphs, sentences that are as full-blooded as the characters themselves, with Calvino applying to his fictional world the whole apparatus of Barthes's semeiology. Whether we dwell on *Leaning from the Steep Slope*, or its (fake) continuation, or the real (forgery) *Looks Down in the Gathering Shadow*, or the (fake) translation of Silas Flannery's *In a Network of Lines That Enlace*, we feel like one of the protagonists who doesn't know how to narrate his life because it is made up of too many events.

Calvino is struggling to create a sense of the storyteller's superabundance, of his pleasure at the sheer proliferation of stories which taken all together are actually the only story that interests him: the one he hasn't yet told. *If on a Winter's Night* thus catalogues numberless possibilities of style, the origin and future of writing, the Orwellian confrontation of thinking man and machine-made thought, the battle and connivance between reader and writer—and, ultimately, between Calvino and his double, when, too intellectual, he needs the reassuring presence of an honest rival, one who will perpetually challenge his ready-made answers to a flowing world that contradicts them.

Ludmilla is the practical, personal side of the author, the one who makes fun of academic analysis and socio-politico-economic clichés. She refuses to impose a scheme on reality. When she and the reader-writer make love, their bodies become, in a fantastic and ironic metamorphosis, books being read:

> Now she dwells on negligible details, perhaps tiny stylistic faults, for example, the prominent Adam's apple or your way of burying your head in the hollow of her shoulder . . . now instead the accidentally discovered detail is excessively cherished —for example, the shape of your chin or a special nip you take at her shoulder— and from this start she gains impetus, covers (you cover together) pages and pages from top to bottom without skipping a comma . . . But is the climax really the end? . . . What makes lovemaking and reading resemble each other most is that within both of them times and spaces open, different from measurable time and space.

So this is it: a mixture of dazzlement, magic, and illusion; the artist can even mirror God. Creating angles of refraction, he imparts a cold luminosity to his pages, concealing, among the many ghosts created, his real self. Or does he? The writer's despair is to be dissociated, in the mind of Ludmilla, from the man he is in real life:

> And a keen jealousy invades me, not of other people, but of that me made of ink and periods and commas, who wrote the novels I will write no more, the author who continues to enter the privacy of this young woman, while I, I here and now, with the physical energy I feel surging, much more reliable than the creative impulse, I am separated from her by the immense distance of a keyboard and a white page on the roller.

This transparent and melancholy regret makes Calvino's upsetting novel a touching artifice. It may well be a congeries of stories without an artist, but the shudder on the page is genuine; it enables the reader to join the writer in a spiritual embrace. *We*—Ludmilla speaking for us—make love to the image we have of him, not to the man he is. This is the truth of fiction. The shudder reverberates in many passages, but most tenderly in the last chapter, in which a man on an icy plain is waiting for a woman, after the end of the world. If she won't come he is willing to die; but, hoping with all his heart that she will appear, he plunges into an abyss looking for her, and she suddenly materializes at his side. To him, she is the only novel "lived," what the whole world was worth living and dying for. Calvino's awesome intellectual effort has been, after all, another way of saying "I love you." □

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The Lone Pilgrim
By Laurie Colwin
Knopf, 210 pp., $9.95

Forget Harry
By Carrie Smith
Simon & Schuster, 188 pp., $12.95

ON THEIR HIND LEGS

MITCHELL S. ROSS

The fictional landscape as painted by women is for the most part a dark and oppressive place these days. The world of writers like Marge Piercy or Marilyn French is horrible indeed, filled with fiendish creatures called men who organize conspiracies to keep women in chains. Amid the tortured cries of embattled femininity, few laughs are heard and few smiles are seen.

How pleasant it is, then, to acknowledge the talent of someone like Laurie Colwin, who has not only wit but civility in her bones, and who writes better than the whole mopey lot of feminist fictionists. I have not read Miss Colwin's first collection of short stories, *Passion and Affect*, which was published in 1974. The following year she published her first novel, *Shine On, Bright and Dangerous Object*; the labored title conveys nothing of the economy and elegance of the writing within. Better still is *Happy All the Time*, a novel published in 1978, which details the pursuit of happiness by four young adults in a stylish, smooth, and intelligently focused narrative. Miss Colwin's depiction of the range of human emotions in a civilized context is truly remarkable.

The same thing can be said of the stories collected in *The Lone Pilgrim*. Miss Colwin deals with the problem of love in much the same way that storytellers of less randy eras dealt with the problem of marriage. Often, of course, the two get tangled up together, but the moral weight of these tales suggests that the varieties of love (not pleasure, not gratitude) available to folks today are not merely varied, but worthy of respect.

In "A Mythological Subject," a woman who has led a principled life finds herself swept away by adulterous passion. Her friend, the narrator, recalls her in youth rejecting the advice of friends to adopt a carefree mode of existence; she had declared: "'I don't want a social life. I want love, or nothing.' Well she had gotten what she wanted. There she lay, wiped out, fast asleep, looking wild, peaceful, and troubled all at the same time. . . . It would be exceedingly interesting to see what happened to her, but then she had always been a pleasure to watch."

In "Delia's Father," a girl becomes a woman by permitting her friend's vaguely exotic father to kiss her. "Finally he let me go and looked at me without speaking. With his hand on my shoulder, he ushered me up the stairs to the street with the solicitousness you extend to people who have sprained an ankle or had minor surgery. . . . The light changed. Delia's father took my arm. Those jaunty children skipped past us and I crossed to my side of the street forever." In the title story, a young woman who has been the compleat houseguest finds herself in love and her sense of self endangered. "Once you commit yourself, everything changes and the rest of your life seems to you like a dark forest on the property you have recently acquired."

Even the least convincing of these stories displays verbal and imaginative ingenuity. In "The Achieve of, the Mastery of the Thing," the young wife of a college professor spends all her days stoned (plausible), unbeknownst to her husband (less plausible), and finally succeeds in converting her husband to a perpetually stoned status (implausible).

Miss Colwin's characters are often real rebels in a society that has abolished taboos—for instance, Elizabeth, in "An Old-Fashioned Story," defines her freedom through reading. "Her friends, who had discovered many dangerous and exotic ways in which to cherish their freedom, found Elizabeth a little pathetic in this respect, but having the power to read what she liked was the ultimate liberty." And in "The Boyish Lover" as in *Happy All the Time*, there are those people who discover in love a kind of awesome confusion: "Nothing seemed to work between them anymore although the looks they exchanged across the table were of pure longing. The fact was they adored each other."

I am ordinarily equally allergic to love stories and short-stories, but I confess that the art of Laurie Colwin has broken down my resistances and

rendered me a helpless fan. Another admirable young writer is Carrie Smith, whose first novel is *Forget Harry*. The tale does deal with the usual, unpromising themes of divorce and adultery, and one doesn't find here the moral range of Miss Colwin's fiction. The heroine narrates the story in a tone that is a bit too common. But at the age of 23 Carrie Smith shows an eye and an ear for the ludicrous and appears averse to humbug.

Write on, ladies. □

TELEVISION

FAIRIES AND MIDGETS

JOSEPH SOBRAN

In the pilot film for *Love, Sidney*, Tony Randall plays a middle-aged homosexual—gentle, sensitive, good-humored, dignified, where every god did seem to set his seal, etc.—who takes a young woman into his Manhattan apartment when she needs a home. He disapproves of her staying out all night. He dissuades her from having an abortion. He helps her raise the child. When she decides to move out, he insists that the child is his too, and he demands custody. The case is resolved surprisingly amicably, considering that he is challenging the principle of blood ties. He enjoys the Solomonic moral support of a judge (black, female).

Moral Majoritarian protests against the series have been loudly raised, but the producers have been cagey. They emotionally disarm the conservative

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viewer by making the homosexual so fatherly, and anti-abortion to boot. The homosexual theme was kept oblique: the girl simply asked Sidney why he'd never married, he made a hurt reference to his former roommate, and she let her eyes widen in sudden comprehension ("Ohhh! . . .").

So you'd look pretty silly complaining about homosexuality on TV, when the whole thing was handled so subtly. But the first time a producer wants to be more overt, he can point back to *Love, Sidney* as a precedent.

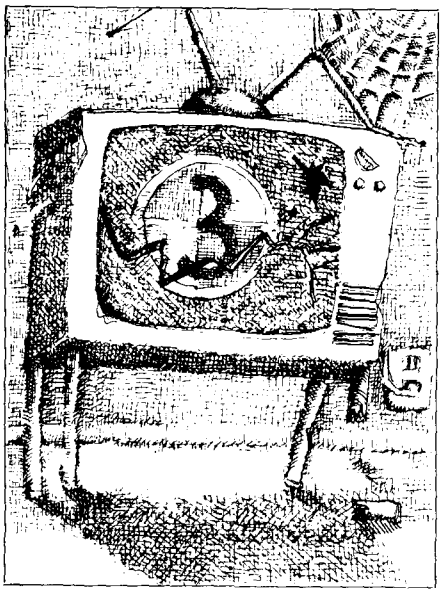
Skokie was about the Nazi march in Illinois that never came off. Danny Kaye played a refugee from Nazi Germany who was outraged at the idea of a "right" to flash Nazi symbols at Nazi victims. As TV movies go, it wasn't bad —just morally pompous in repeating the obvious and in posing dilemmas that were actually resolved long ago.

What *Skokie* really proved was the exhaustion of a certain kind of liberal symbolism. Tom Shales, the spunky, fair-minded TV critic of the *Washington Post*, suggests that we give Hitler a year off in 1982, inasmuch as he doesn't quite pose the clear and present danger he did forty years ago. I imagine the Romans eventually got tired of deploring Attila the Hun, and I second the motion.

Let us never forget that it is *television* we are discussing. Television is above all the *safe* medium. Norman Lear is always called "daring" because he is the first to realize when a topic has become genuinely safe and profitable.

Apparently it is not safe, now, to deplore the Soviet Union. This taboo is observed equally by Lear and by Dan Rather. So TV just keeps taking daring stands against the Nazi menace, even though it is about as imminent as a Sioux uprising.

SPEAKING OF Dan Rather, I wish he'd either grow up or loosen up. It isn't 1973 any more, and he's no longer a Texas boy making good in the East by baiting a President. But he keeps filling the *CBS Evening News* with stories about people who commit suicide because their Social Security benefits are cut (are you listening, Ronald Reagan?) and, in one case, a four-minute tantrum by a real-estate developer screaming about tight money before a Dem-



ocratic caucus that had apparently staged the event for the helpful cameras of CBS. The viewer wondered: *why are they showing this?*

Then there is Rather's *60 Minutes* colleague, Ed Bradley. *60 Minutes* is under no obligation to be hard-hitting every week, but it was rather a shame Bradley felt he had to interview I. F. Stone from what amounted to a kneeling position. Why is this old leftist—Bradley implied he is only a "liberal" —so persistently treated like a beloved diva on an endless farewell tour? But there was a happy ending: two days after the broadcast, Stone's niece was arrested for her part in an armed robbery. Her name is Kathy Boudin. If Stone is a "liberal," he must be the most reactionary fellow that family has yet produced.

THE BBC *Shakespeare Plays* have now given us Anthony Hopkins's Othello. The director, Jonathan Miller, strained a point in his introduction by saying the racial theme meant nothing to Shakespeare, really—it might as well have been an Elizabethan gent as a Moorish warrior. Well, nuts to that. Shakespeare's Moor may not be Paul Robeson's NAACP Othello, but he is definitely and self-consciously an alien. Hopkins turns him into a rather decent chap with a heavy tan.

This production does much to undermine the cliché that English actors know how to roll out the Shakespearean verse. Misquotations (usually of prepositions) are startlingly frequent, and Hopkins sounds positively short of breath, breaking his lines in half with odd hesitations. Of all the characters in Shakespeare, Othello really is inseparable from his special exotic music:

The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk,
And it was dyed in mummy which the skillful
Conserved of maidens' hearts.

Hopkins speaks this as if he were reading the manufacturer's label.

And yet, he acts as if he were really hurt by the thought of what Desdemona had done—not only to him but to herself. None of Olivier's "splendid fury," but then Olivier reduced Othello to a wounded ego, a husband so volatile Iago could have simply stood back and let nature take its course. Hopkins is at least true to the play in offering a man who has lost not only a wife but a dream of perfection. His Iago, Bob Hoskins, is too patently vulgar and trivial to accomplish such a seduction. In the end you feel you've seen *Othello* competently performed by an all-midget cast. □

ART

WILD WEST, NEAR EAST

RUTH BERENSON

"Buffalo Bill and the Wild West," the show on view at the Brooklyn Museum this holiday season, should provoke a stampede. Beginning with the enormous stuffed buffalo standing in lonely grandeur beneath the lofty coffered dome of the museum's fifth-floor rotunda, it will charm kids from eight to eighty. And that's just for starters.

The learned contributors to the well-illustrated catalogue variously portray William F. Cody, alias Buffalo Bill, as "America's first media hero," as a "mixture of myth and reality," as "foe" or "friend" of the Indian. Leslie Fiedler, somewhat incredibly, sees him as "the vanishing WASP hero." No matter. The exhibition, sponsored by Philip Morris and made up largely of loans from the Buffalo Bill Historical Society in Cody, Wyoming, the city he founded, provides enough material to support any or none of these theories. There's his pearl-han-

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dled Colt, his Bowie knife, his Stetson, his vividly beaded and fringed deerskin jackets, his portrait by Rosa Bonheur, the jewelry given him by Grand Duke Alexis (for whom he served as guide in 1872) and by Queen Victoria and other members of European royalty. There's also a gaggle of Western paintings and sculptures by the likes of Frederic Remington, Thomas Moran, and Albert Bierstadt; Indian artifacts, including an enormous war bonnet trimmed with pink-tipped eagle feathers; sepia photographs of Cody and his retinue; and luridly colored posters advertising the Wild West shows with which he crisscrossed two continents for thirty years, from 1883 to 1913.

CODY'S beginnings were ordinary enough. Born in Iowa in 1846, he was a wagon driver and a rider for the Pony Express by the time he was 15; at 18, toward the end of the Civil War, he volunteered with Jennison's Jayhawkers, the Seventh Kansas Volunteer Cavalry, and later acted as scout for General William Tecumseh Sherman and the U.S. Cavalry. In 1867-68, the Kansas Pacific Railroad hired him as a hunter to provide meat for its track-builders. By his own count, he personally disposed of 4,250 buffaloes that year, a feat that earned him his nickname and set the stage for his entrance into the folklore of the West, for in 1869, Ned Buntline's *Buffalo Bill, the King of the Border Men* appeared, the first of over 550 dime novels about him.

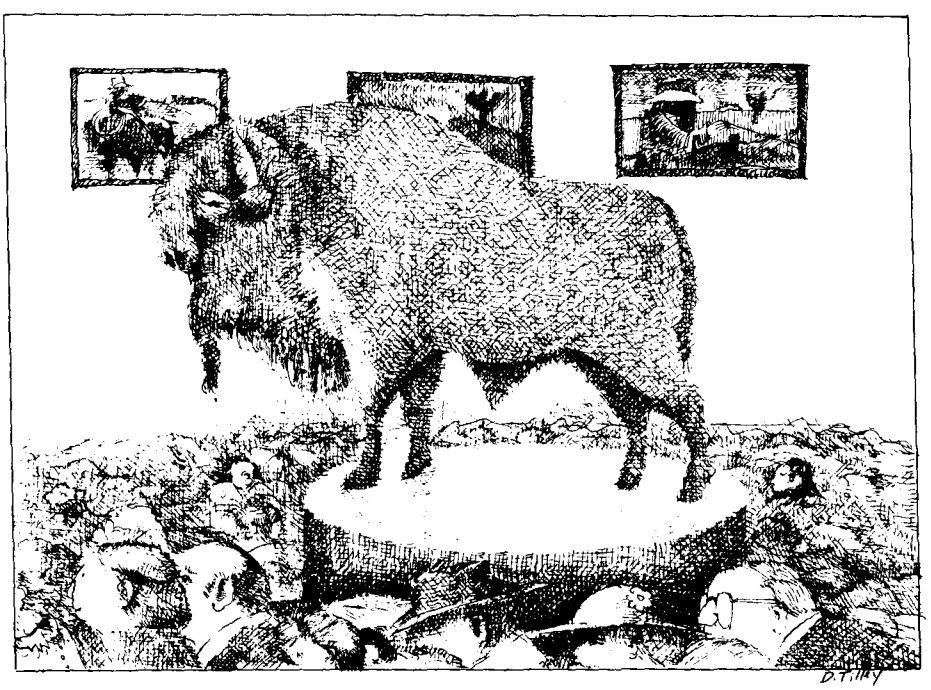
He began his theatrical career in 1872, capitalizing on the publicity he had received as guide that year to the touring Grand Duke Alexis, son of Czar Alexander III. For the next 11 years he spent his summers guiding greenhorns, his winters touring in melodramas about frontier life with himself as hero. In 1883, perhaps on the hunch that truth, or at least an approximation thereof, might attract larger audiences than fiction, he organized the first of his "authentic" Wild West shows.

Much like today's PR types, Cody knew how to exploit the headlines. In 1876, after the Battle of the Little Big Horn, scene of "Custer's Last Stand," he managed to take part in a minor skirmish against a group of Cheyenne, slaying their leader, Yellow Hand; that year his play re-enacted the scene under the title, "Buffalo Bill's First Scalp for Custer." His hiring of the famous Sioux chief, Sitting Bull, for the 1886 season was another stroke of genius; and there were more: after the Spanish-American War he regaled audiences with genuine Cuban guerrillas and Rough Riders (the term was his, not Teddy Roosevelt's), in addition to his cowboys and Indians. Subsequent shows featured genuine Cossacks, vaqueros, gauchos, etc., and, of course, Annie Oakley, "Little Miss Sure Shot."

In his catalogue essay Vine Deloria, himself an Indian and the author of *Custer Died for Your Sins*, absolves Cody of the charge of mistreating and exploiting the Indians. On the contrary, he treated those in his troupe with dignity and defended their cause, once remarking to a Canadian newspaperman that "in nine cases out of ten, when there's trouble between a white man and an Indian, it will be found that the white man is responsible"; he also firmly insisted that "the defeat of Custer was no massacre." This white-maned, rootin' tootin' cowboy may indeed have been a publicity hound—but he had the right stuff and was, in fact, a helluva nice guy. (To January 17; Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, February 13 to April 11.)

The appeal of "Art of the Mamluks" (at the Metropolitan until January 10, and then traveling to Cincinnati, Detroit, Phoenix, and Hartford) may be more esoteric than that of "Buffalo Bill," but it, too, enhances the holiday season. Organized by Esin Atil of the Smithsonian's Freer Gallery of Art in Washington, under a grant from United Technologies, it is beautifully installed and its catalogue is a mine of information. The objects themselves are a delight: intricate metalwork with inlays of gold, silver, and enamel; iridescent glass which would make Louis Tiffany green with envy (and probably inspired him); nacreous pottery ornamented in bold designs, mostly blue and black, that look forward to the glazed tiles of Spain and Portugal; some of the earliest pile rugs ever woven, with designs of sophisticated complexity; and illuminated manuscripts, some with lively narrative illustrations, others—the Korans—with highly abstract geometrical illuminations that incorporate calligraphy into their designs.

THE MAMLUKS hailed originally from Central Asia, but they dominated most of the present-day Middle East for 250 years starting in 1250, with their headquarters in Cairo. Theirs was a slave society—indeed, the word *mamluk* means someone bought, captured, or acquired as a gift—but talented individuals could rise to the top and might even be elected sultan. Though they were almost constantly at war against the Crusaders, the Mongols, the Arabs, and, toward the end, the Ottoman Turks, they diverted much of their enormous wealth to public works and to the support of artists and craftsmen. Their mosques displayed a magnificence rivaling, if not surpassing, the Gothic



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cathedrals being erected in Europe at the same time, and astonished the ambassadors sent by the kings of Aragon, France, Bulgaria, Abyssinia, and Byzantium—even by the Pope in Rome—to this exotic court. Their defeat by the Ottoman Turks in 1517 put an end to the regime, though the rich artistry they had fostered did not die all at once. Even so, the Mamluk era witnessed a flowering of Islamic art that has not since been equaled. □

The GIMLET EYE

THE RUSSIAN MARTYRS

D. KEITH MANO

"The Reverend Koturov, at the evacuation of Cherdin, was seized by the Communists, who undressed him and poured water over him in the winter frost until he turned into an icy statue."
—From The New Martyrs of Russia, *by Archpriest Michael Polsky*

Ally yourself with me awhile: for just this moment let the panicked blood retreat. Draw your last heat in: to salvage, at lung and light and groin, some stash of life. The hands, you know already, are dead: toe and instep will never distribute spry balance again. You are just torso here: and the pain of freezing alive—more a heard shrillness than a felt sensation—is your one extremity. Be this man, Koturov, now. Harden with him: let cold scald tissue. Frost can grow even in the mouth: and put a raw glaucoma on your sight. Armpit, crotch have been webbed by ice. Perhaps, if there is sun, you glisten and seem pretty: crystal hair. It will terrorize: that you are becoming a thing. Then heart, bursar of warmth, burns out. And you sprawl, maybe you stand, sculpted life-size: made austere in that final gesture of fear or self-defense or forgiveness. It's a very Russian death.

We don't empathize well: we who learn about cold on ski-lift and shoveled walk. Still, from a list of more than eight thousand, I select at random Koturov, one. To synopsize, in his frigid immolation, all those killed by fire and dismemberment: by rape and scalping and explosion: by sleep and calories taken away. It is, yes, a device. The mind, they say, grasps one handful at most. It can't assimilate the new math of Soviet Christian martyrdom. Check these maniac calculations: 8,100 Russian Orthodox clergy murdered between 1917 and 1922. By 1930 the NKVD will list, a progress report, 42,800 priests and bishops dead at slave labor. If, as is thought, 20 per cent of those sixty million slain in Gulag were imprisoned for their Christian faith: then, well, divide by five. Twelve million: Roman and Turk and Arab could not, since B.C. became A.D., much surpass that. There has been, I remind you, more than just one holocaust.

November 1, 1981: it is a day that outnumbers numbers, and to anonymous men, anonymous women, can give full Christian celebrity. Here, in New York, the Russian Orthodox Church outside of Russia will canonize all those faithful martyred by Soviet Communism. Orthodox arrive from San Francisco, from Australia, or from just crosstown: courtyard and sidewalk below hold a crowd of witnesses: 2,500 at least. They'll have to wait before entering, as last night they waited through the six-hour vigil: in this pewless church where you stand during worship there isn't even SRO. So many young people: I am surprised: not just a reunion for the class of '17 today. Maybe they don't know Koturov or the 139 nameless killed at Stavnopol or those 68 at Kursk: but God, in such a matter, has total recall. They wait to light candles, to receive communion: and to kiss a new holy icon of the martyred.

WHICH, at center, shows Czar Nicholas II. Never has a glorification been so controversial and defiant. To beatify those—Alexandra, Olga, Tatiana, Maria, Anastasia, little blood-wild Alexis—by whose basement assassination Communism got its sordid letter of marque. God, Who has ever loved the various, will make surprising saints. Nicholas and his kin were autocratic,

weak, often foolish, yet no one, I think, would doubt their devotion to Christ. Martyrdom, after all, is not a condition you matriculate in. Miracles or hard asceticism do not necessarily belong to it. Martyrdom is, one might say, a brilliant *tour de force*: pulled off by startling grace.

And, don't underestimate this, the Soviet government still fears Nicholas. Even paranoia can be reactionary. Not long ago the House of Special Purpose in Ekaterinburg was bulldozed: it had become a shrine. And, when our *NR* tour back in 1975 tried to approach Nicholas's palace, we were given the swift revolving-door treatment. "This," they told us, "is not yet history." Romanov corpses in Ekaterinburg were destroyed: a second liquidation. Nonetheless, below the new icon, there are relics of Grand Duchess Elizabeth Feodorovna and her nun. These two were thrown alive into a mine shaft near Perm: with grenades sent after as their loud requiem. The job was careless, though: you can't get decent help any more. After some time remains were extricated and kept first in Peking, then in Jerusalem. It isn't easy for this just reconstructed Protestant to kiss old bone: yet I, who in Christian sacrifice rise the grudging hour early once each week, will do that now.

I READ to you from a letter: the return address is not fashionable—Ural Political Concentration Camp #37. Father Gleb Yakunin, who wrote this last June, has given more than his tithe of suffering for the Russian "Catacomb" Church. Let me quote in part*: "I have received the long-awaited joyful news that . . . the Russian Orthodox Church outside of Russia will canonize the new Russian martyrs. . . . I believe that this event is of the greatest importance to the life of the Russian Church and that it will cause a deep-rooted change in consequent events in the history of Russia and even of the entire world . . . since my Bible and other religious literature was forcibly removed from me, I shall commence my own hunger strike on September 16, to last until my personal effects are returned." Winter has come. Maybe, in

*I am indebted to G. Fedoroff for this translation. The *New York Times* apparently did not consider Yakunin's letter fit enough. I will gladly supply a Xerox of the complete text. Write me c/o *NR* and print "Yakunin, Please Forward" on the envelope.

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that new icon of the martyrs, Gleb Yakunin is represented now. I pray not.

The November beatification didn't elevate Koturov and his dead comrades in Christ: they elevate us. God is well aware of His heroes. But truth was spoken loud. Greek and Serbian Orthodox, too, have canonized martyrs of the collectivist Antichrist. Time now for Catholic and Methodist, Episcopalian and Baptist to end a spiritual detente. No sect is without its victims of Communism. In that, at least, we are ecumenical. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

GOVERNMENT'S MONEY MONOPOLY, *by Henry Mark Holzer (Books in Focus, 227 pp., $19.95).* Voltaire said, "In general, the art of government consists in taking as much money as possible from one class of citizens to give to the others." Henry Mark Holzer's angry book probes that point to diagnose the ills that beset America's economy. The author, a professor at Brooklyn Law School, traces the evolution of the Federal Government's enormous power over our monetary system and concludes that the nature and extent of this power stem from the collectivist notion that property rights are conferred by society and the statist idea that "individual rights must yield to public exigencies." He maintains that the collectivist ethic was initially resisted by the delegates to America's Constitutional Convention, who were careful to provide a minimum of governmental power over national monetary affairs. Yet four years thence President Washington was persuaded by Alexander Hamilton that Congress possessed the power to charter a bank under the provisions of the Constitution's "elastic clause." Holzer finds it ironic that Thomas Jefferson's disagreement was not over whether the government ought to enter the banking business, but rather at what level it should do so. Three decades later the constitutionality of the U.S. Bank was not only reaffirmed in the landmark case of *M'Culloch* v. *Maryland*, but the Supreme Court's unanimous ruling held that congressional monetary powers were further protected by a "sovereignty" that placed the Federal Government beyond the restriction of the states. A series of subsequent court cases solidified the Federal Government's power to control and debase U.S. currency. Holzer concludes that in all the historical battles over the extent to which money can be created and controlled by the government, the individual has always been the loser. He suggests a constitutional remedy. Both it and this provocative book deserve serious consideration. ALAN L. MILLER

JULY'S PEOPLE, *by Nadine Gordimer (Viking, 160 pp., $10.95).* The possibility of bloody revolution has long been a staple of political debate about South Africa. Such a revolution is regarded as inevitable, desirable, or unthinkable, depending on individual beliefs. Nadine Gordimer has been increasingly preoccupied in her writings with its inevitability, and in her latest novel, *July's People*, she writes of the revolution accomplished and its immediate aftermath. Revolutions are messy things to write about, so perhaps Miss Gordimer can be forgiven for being brief and somewhat vague about the revolution itself. She prefers to tell about a white family, Maureen and Bam Smales and their three children, who are led to the safety of his remote village home by their servant, July. It is a place where tribal customs still prevail; the amenities of civilization are few and the comforts of city life remote. July has worked for the family for 15 years. They have treated him fairly by their lights, though they have been careful to maintain the correct distances. But in July's village they are no longer the dispensers of patronage, but dependents of July and his family. Their plight is symbolized by the question of who keeps the keys of the little yellow truck in which they escaped. With roles reversed, they now experience the same fears and uncertainties that July must have known for those 15 years when they thought they were so benevolent and enlightened. It is an intriguing situation, but because her people think more than they feel, Miss Gordimer never seems to grapple seriously with the questions she has raised. The situation may be revolutionary, but the insights are not. JUDITH CHETTLE

FOLK ART OF THE AMERICAS, *edited by August Panyella, photographs by Francesc Català Roca (Abrams, 328 pp., $50).* This is a beautifully made book with hundreds of beautiful photographs reproduced in full color, but as a reference work, a creative contribution to a complex subject, or a traveler's handbook (weight: 7 lbs.) its value is nil. The only criterion for inclusion seems to be the existence of a handsome photograph. No distinction is made between tribal, popular, and folk arts. Under Canada, the high art of the Northwest Coast gets short shrift, such great present-day artists working in that tradition as Bill Reid and Norval Morrisseau are not mentioned, Alaska is by-passed, and the innovative print-makers of Baker Lake are totally ignored. For Mexico, where are the outstanding polychrome masks of Guerrero? Or the Huichol yarn painters? Or the body painters of Sonora? The definitive books on all three of these folk arts do not appear in the bibliography. Under Haiti, one page contains photos of a metal street sign and an old man hammering at an anvil: nothing to indicate that the sign was designed by a 12-year-old American girl, or that the old man is Georges Liautaud, the inventor of metal sculpture and one of the world's great sculptors. Haitian peasant painting, which for thirty years has dazzled the world, is represented by one insignificant tourist picture. Brazilian popular artists, none of them identified by name, are represented by a half-dozen small photos, and no bibliographical references. And so it goes. A coffee-table book that could have been a useful one. SELDEN RODMAN

AMERICA NOW: *The Anthropology of a Changing Culture, by Marvin Harris (Simon & Schuster, 208 pp., $12.95).* Anthropology is an observer's science, which leads the practitioner to draw conclusions without offering suggestions—the very weakness of Marvin Harris's analysis of our current malaise. Mind you, the author is no analytical slouch. America, he feels, did not reach its present state via a *chain* of events. Rather, our problems developed in "cobweb" fashion—intricate patterns interlaced into a complicated whole. Information- and people-processing met inflation, which led to a sudden rush into the job market on the part of housewives, whom employers found more suitable than rural black males, who took up useless urban lives, creating a welfare underclass dedicated to crime, rendering women's liberation a chimera (freedom to lock oneself indoors?). Relatedly, the demise of the "marital and procreative imperative" fed abortion and deviant sex. Meanwhile, corporate mobility created executives devoted to cost-effectiveness, not product quality, leading to the manufacture of shoddy goods. All of which predisposes Americans to follow any televised pseudo-ministerial capitalist who promises spiritual/monetary enrichment. At least bureaucracy comes in for a good lambasting in this book. But Harris errs because, as Luigi Barzini writes, America cannot easily be generalized. For every lazy deviant, someone else breakfasts on marathon runs. Daily, individuals display the discipline that could resurrect the national spirit. And who's to say that home computer terminals might not soon bring work back into the home, with a consequent rise in pride and family values?
ALLEN G. WEAKLAND

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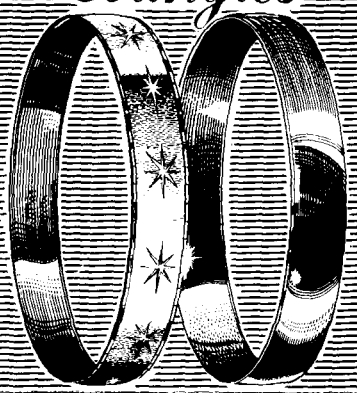

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MOLNAR

(Continued from page 1541)

tionable whether the middle class and the politicians learned much from the ordeal of the Allende years. I remember a glittering audience in the Teatro Municipal (1966) listening enraptured as a fashionable French Dominican, Father Liégé, deprecated Pius IX, the Syllabus, and the pre-Council Church. The applause of bejeweled ladies and smart gentlemen, led by the Cardinal, brought to mind the court of Versailles applauding plays by Voltaire and Beaumarchais which heralded the guillotine. On my visit this year, I gave a lecture on "Progressivism in the Church," a kind of counter-thesis to the Dominican's talk of 15 years ago, to the same kind of audience. They applauded my words, yet I was left wondering if they had really learned their lesson.

The question in my mind was legitimate, I think: the attitude of "no enemy on the left" has weakened, but it has not vanished. The Christian Democrats (not officially a party—more of a club, an intellectual gathering, a pressure group) are as active as ever: they publish an influential magazine, they hold important positions, they form, in short, a *société de pensée* not unlike those which prepared the great revolutions in Western history. The Marxists, too, have their network, their respected professors, their publications. Quasi-invisible, they are everywhere present, distilling their poison. The regime, so busy reshaping the economy, seems to have abandoned the cultural and philosophical field to them.

Counterculture

In the schools, the soft ideology of Dewey/Maslow—part of the officially encouraged American influence—gains ground. The government, with its concern for the economy, channels scholarships and tuition aid to economics and engineering students rather than to liberal-arts students. And with their classes getting smaller, professors of philosophy and literature face dismissal, as more and more students turn to more lucrative disciplines. At the same time, a counterculture is developing: porno cinemas display their fare in downtown areas, sex magazines cater to the usual clientele. The daily press, so courageous under Allende, resists hardly at all.

I don't see *subversivos* under every bed, but I have a long acquaintance with authoritarian regimes. They do all that is needed to restore order and the economy, but they have no time for, or patience with, culture, the universities, the arts. *Those* things they simply leave to the progressives, eventually to the Marxists.

The other common error of these regimes is that they fail to provide for the future. The leaders of Chile seem to be aware of this eternal problem, however, and they have provided Chile with a new constitution and promised a general election six years hence, in 1987. Only then will we know whether the Chilean people have understood the lesson of Allende. I fear they haven't. I found the Chile of 1981 to be surprisingly unchanged from the Chile of 1966. □

HEATH

(Continued from page 1539)

Employment means working for *money*. How far far worse indeed, therefore, is the involatory slavitude children have to do Satadays, not only for no money, but not getting their riteful allowance if they don't. This also shall be changed by law.

PRINCIPLE 10: *The child shall be brought up in a spirit of understanding, tolerance, friendship among peoples, peace, and universal brotherhood, in full consciousness that his energy and talents should be devoted to the service of his fellow men.* These sweet and nobble words show how the Uniteds have even *improved* the Sprit of Chrismas. For in olden days, you were supposed to love your fellow men (even the ones you couldn't stand) yet use your energy and talents for you and yours, which you had to, the world being such a mess. In our day, you only have to have a sprit of tolerace, friendship, etc. etc. etc., and even that you only have among peopleS, much more practical than among peoplE, if you get our meaning (see letters we put in capitals). Also, the new laws of the governments of the UN will take care of things like nutrition, housing, and other postnatal care of you and yours, so there will be nothing left to do except be devoted to the service of your fellow men.

Thus we see, the UN Declaration of Rights of the Child is in the true Sprit of Chrismas, and also cinchy. □

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Dark Horses

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

In the Twenties H. L. Mencken conducted a survey and discovered that the worst states in the Republic were Mississippi and Alabama. His criteria had to do with the level of culture and the relative intensity of Cracker religion. I do not remember where Mencken placed my adoptive home state of Wyoming, but a quick scan of Alan M. Gottlieb's *The Rights of Gun Owners* (Caroline House, $5.95) convinced me that I live in one of the best. Wyoming, as I had suspected, stacks up very well when it comes to restrictions upon the ownership and use of firearms. The state constitution, for one thing, carries a guarantee: "The right of citizens to bear arms in defense of themselves and of their state shall not be denied" (Art. 1, Sec. 24). A firearm possession permit is *not* required to possess a gun at home, or at work; a gun owner's identification or permit does *not* have to be registered with the state police or a similar firearms-registration bureau.

Wyoming's gun laws, of course, were not new to me: the surprise was to learn that 35 of the fifty state constitutions guarantee citizens the right to use firearms in self-defense. Even *Massachusetts*, that ultra-wacko state, confers such a right; and Mencken's own Free State of Maryland is, as far as the comfort and delectation of gun-owners is concerned, a remarkably civilized commonwealth.

Gottlieb's very useful and informative handbook, which covers all kinds of topics—a constitutional history of the individual's right to bear arms; the basic issues of gun control; the rights of gun owners during arrest and trial; the rights of those using guns in self-defense; federal and state gun-control laws—makes it clear that anti-gun legislation is, perhaps surprisingly, not a popular item with the American majority. Some 75 per cent of Americans are classified by the census as urban dwellers, and city culture has been resolutely hostile to the gun culture. (Recently, at a dinner party in New York, I was asked to explain what possible use one could have for a pistol other than shooting people; my answer—that in the country a gun of any sort is simply a tool, like an axe or four-wheel drive, and that in Wyoming many campers, fishermen, and lumbermen carry high-caliber pistols into the backcountry for protection against bears—was met with skepticism.) But, according to Gottlieb, an astonishing 42 per cent of metropolitan households have guns and 51 per cent of suburban ones, as compared with 62 per cent of rural ones. In the opinion of Congressman Philip Crane, who has contributed an introduction to the book, the past ten years have witnessed the weakening of the anti-gun movement in the legislative arena; balked by popular hostility, the anti-gunners have transferred their efforts to local government and the federal bureaucracy, particularly the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms (against which Gottlieb brings grave charges of harassment and even murder).

One of the most interesting parts of *The Rights of Gun Owners* examines the meaning and intent of the Second Amendment, which was passed by Congress September 25, 1789 and states that "A well-regulated militia, being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms, shall not be infringed." Exactly what this means has become the subject of debate. The anti-gun folks have insisted that "the people" means the nation as a collectivity—i.e., the government—and doesn't refer to individuals. However, the anti-gun type of liberal chooses to read the First-Amendment "right of the people to assemble peaceably and petition the government for a redress of grievances" differently, and the Supreme Court has upheld their reading. The right to bear arms goes back to Alfred the Great and was sanctioned by Blackstone. George Washington himself said of firearms, "They deserve a place of honor with all that's good." □

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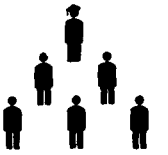

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[Charles C.] Bombaugh:

[*Oddities and Curiosities of*]
Words and Literature

Mr. Manners, who had been created Earl of Rutland, said to Sir Thomas More, just made lord chancellor, "You are so much elated with your preferment that you verify the old proverb 'Honores mutant mores.'" "No," said Sir Thomas, "the pun will do much better in English, 'Honors change manners.'"

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a wprd edgewise *from* An Old Liberal Cold Warrior

JOHN P. ROCHE

THE NATO SHAMBLES SHAMBLES ON

Boston—It may sound like letting down the side, but suppose there is no side to let down? To be specific, isn't the source of our floundering over NATO founded on our refusal to recognize that there is no longer a viable Atlantic Alliance? A recent poll in France, a non-military member of the Atlantic Alliance, indicated that 63 per cent of the population were indifferent to the outcome of any Soviet-American war. Only 22 per cent hoped we would win.

The problem is that for over thirty years we have taken NATO for granted, and it is very difficult to overcome inertial guidance. Take the real mind-bender: the nuclear shot across the bow tossed out as a possible deterrent to a Soviet invasion of Europe by Secretary Haig and semi-confirmed by President Reagan.

Stop a minute and meditate on the unarticulated premise of this initiative: U.S. nuclear superiority. Undoubtedly back in the 1950s, when we had the Soviet Union cold in terms of nuclear superiority, a demonstrative missile might have stopped their invasion. But today the idea is comparable to the *U.S.S. Constitution* stopping a missile frigate with a warning shot from a bow chaser.

To return to the question, is it un-American isolationism to ask whether NATO is now a good idea whose time has passed? When general European sentiment seems to be almost evenly divided between those who are afraid we will defend them and those who fear we won't, isn't it time to let them sort it out?

Moreover, at the risk of sounding patriotic, we have been good allies. In the 1950s, when we were massively helping to rebuild the European economy, one could make the case for keeping a substantial troop commitment in place until the locals could take up the burden. Today, with a collective gross national product in excess of the Soviet Union's, the European Community is hardly poverty-stricken.

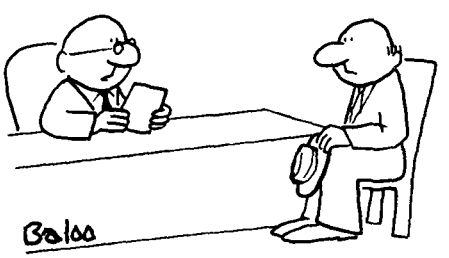
This is preposterous, and, to add insult to injury, when they are queried as to why they have such trouble increasing their defense budgets, the response seems to be, "Your high interest rates have ruined our economies." Beyond this, there is the persistent effort, spearheaded by the ubiquitous British Foreign Secretary Lord Carrington, to, "you know, bring the Yanks to their senses."

Carrington's current uplift campaign, based on the European Community's need for Arab oil, has involved being the advance man for one of the most subtle con jobs to emerge from the Middle East in memory: the "Saudi Peace Plan." If this deceptive program were implemented, the Israelis should immediately buy or borrow boats from the Vietnamese. Carrington, however, feels the Saudis are sincere.

Carrington is understandably concerned with oil. My objection is not to his concern, but to his refusal to engage in team play. Indeed, what is striking is the total lack of interest among our allies in our efforts to defend their crucial oil supplies. Saudi Arabia is ripe for the couping. If Carrington thinks that, say, three years hence his love-in with Prince Fahd (of blessed memory?) will influence the potential coupers, he should be Minister of Agriculture.

We, in contrast, are making concrete efforts to head off a coup: the keystones in the arch are Egypt and Israel, with Oman in a secondary role. Not only does the Saudi "Peace Plan" undermine Camp David, but it also provides ammunition to those who would like to get Egypt to defect. Sadat would have disposed of the plot with some savage jests, but is President Mubarak that secure? Sadat's fate is hardly encouraging.

Secretary of State Haig's cutting observation to Carrington to "cool it" with respect to the Saudi intervention was on target. However, it was picked up by the European media as another symptom of American arrogance. Don't we want to consult with our allies? Don't we want their seasoned wisdom? Hit the streets!



"*We're* satisfied, but the computer won't reinstate your account until you apologize to it."

Admittedly there is a good deal in American policy to be confused about, but art reflects life. Under Carter there was a schizophrenic consistency: a hard line on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; a soft line Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays; and on Sunday they rested.

The Reagan Administration has started asking some hard questions, and the correct answers are almost apocalyptic. The big one concerns NATO, where perhaps the Duke of Wellington's observation is timely: The true test of generalship is to know when to retreat—and have the courage to do it. □

THE FATE OF THE TROJAN CAMEL

Boston—Poor old Yasir Arafat. There he was with the neatest gig yet for busting Israel, and his lunatic friends went and wrecked it. To engage in an orgy of mixed metaphor, Arafat's surrogate Saudi Prince Fahd almost had the Trojan camel's nose under the Israeli tent when the Arab yahoos in Morocco hamstrung the beast.

With the Europeans all set to substitute the Saudi "Peace Plan" for Camp David and growing pressure on Egypt's President Hosni Mubarak, the Israelis must have wondered what world they live in. Arafat's "Saudi Plan" was patently a salami slicer, but even Americans—who lived through a similar orchestration on Vietnam—seemed to think it was "sincere."

To be specific, the Saudi ballet on recognizing the legitimacy, not just the existence, of Israel was copyrighted in Moscow twenty years ago and brilliantly performed by Hanoi. It was the great "negotiations" caper which kept Ambassador Averell Harriman and a small staff at the State Department in a mood of perpetual expectancy.

A typical example: The Hanoi consul-general in Gondola would tell the Gondolan Foreign Minister that there was no need for the Vietnam War, everything could be settled easily if we would just stop bombing the North. The Gondolan, envisioning the Nobel Peace Prize, would rush to the American embassy, "TOP SECRET" cables would rocket to Washington, and Harriman would get out his negotiating kit.

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Dean Rusk, Walt Rostow, and I would groan and prepare damage-limitation measures, but the President felt he had to respond to even the most transparent flim-flam in the interests of his credibility. So out to the American ambassador to Gondola would go instructions to make contact with the North Vietnamese on some back channel and ask, "If the U.S. stops bombing, will you stop your invasion of the South?"

On the appointed day an "Emboff" (embassy officer) would be reading *Le Monde* in a secluded corner of a Chinese restaurant, and a North Vietnamese would catch the signal and join him at the table. The Emboff would pop the big question and the Hanoi man would smile, put out his hand, and say, "You said it!" More rocket "TOP SECRET, EYES ONLY THE SECRETARY, PASS TO THE PRESIDENT" cables would stream into the ionosphere.

Other cables would also move alerting the Communist agit-prop apparatus, which seemed to work out of the United Nations, to the fact the United States was hooked again. Leaks would go to the press that Hanoi had made a generous offer, an unnamed State Department official would confirm it, the Harriman office would palpitate, then nothing would happen. Why? Obviously because the President of the United States did not really want peace.

Before I take you on a brief trip to the fourteenth century to meet a Dominican friar named Bernard Gui, re-read carefully the precise language of the exchange in the restaurant. Gui was a top inquisitor who in 1321 wrote the standard manual on how to spot heretics. He gave his acolytes most careful instruction on the interrogation of the Waldensians.

"Try to discover what the Waldensian means by a good Christian," said Gui, "and he will reply, 'He who believes what is taught by the Holy Church.' Ask him what he considers the Holy Church; he says, 'My Lord, what do you yourself believe to be the Holy Church?' If the inquisitor says, 'I believe it is the Roman Church ruled by the pope,' the heretic will answer 'You said it!'" This, Gui concluded, meant only that the heretic believed the inquisitor said it; it was not a personal commitment.

THIS IS NOT a literal translation: I was a bit rusty in Latin when I prepared it for the general enlightenment of our negotiation manics in 1967. But it gets to the central point. When pushed, Hanoi said its man in Gondola never agreed to the deal; all he said was, in effect, "I hear you." However, by this time the media had moved on to other matters, leaving the impression that once again we had welshed on our commitment to peace.

Which brings us back to the Saudi "Peace Plan." The absolute precondition for Israeli negotiations must be the legitimation of their State by the Arab nations involved. For weeks various Saudis and visitors such as Lord Carrington have been saying that de-jure recognition of Israel is "implicit" in the Fahd plan.

But when hit with the direct question, every Saudi but one went off on a "You said it" play. The one was their ambassador to the United Nations, and within 24 hours we were informed he wasn't authorized to comment, and there was some doubt about his identity. Remember when this scenario is rerun: Israeli security is too fragile to rest on "You said it!" □

WHAT SOLIDARITY?

Boston—In roughly the same way in which we are supposed to bastinado Speaker Tip O'Neill for the internal chaos of the Democrats in the Congress, we are supposed to keelhaul Lane Kirkland, president of the AFL-CIO, for the failure of the American workers to make their clout felt. As Tip's feet slip around in the huge shoes bequeathed by Sam Rayburn and John McCormack, Kirkland is compared to the masterly George Meany and found Lilliputian.

Admittedly, George Meany, with his unmatched talent for the short, hard shot, would have caught more headlines than Kirkland, but the present state of the labor movement is not a personal matter. In long-range terms the AFL-CIO, like the Democratic Party's liberal wing, has made the tragic mistake of undermining the foundations of its power.

The government has moved into functions which once were the jurisdiction of unions and political organizations. In the process there has arisen in the land a generation which knows not the meaning of "solidarity." When trouble comes, it looks up. Not in the religious sense, but to Uncle Sam, the shepherd.

Put another way, there is no felt need for horizontal organization to achieve social and economic goals. Once upon a time, the political machine was a most effective instrument of solidarity, slightly coercive perhaps, but nonetheless real.

Thus on election day you picked up your little card from the precinct captain, were checked off on the list, and remembered at Christmas. Given the fact that the urban poor tended to carve out ethnic territories, these machines were usually an offshoot of real communities. Dad told me that in the summer and fall of 1914 every time the Germans won a battle the Irish, Jewish, and German political organizations threw a combined celebration in Prospect Park, Brooklyn!

If that startles you, it's not surprising. It sounds positively medieval, but this type of horizontal solidarity persisted through the century until World War II. In the political arena it produced machine politics; in the workplace, trade unions. They had their roots not in governmental bounty, but in the struggle to achieve dignity and decency; loyalty to associates was the primary virtue. You did not genuflect daily to the National Labor Relations Board.

Indeed, the organizers of the American Federation of Labor from Sam Gompers in the 1880s to Bill Green in the 1930s were leery of state sponsorship. Operating on the principle that what the state giveth, the state can take away, they argued for "voluntarism." But the extent to which the police power of the state was literally turned over to employers—the savage Pennsylvania Iron and Coal Police, for example—led to the demand for federal intervention and the Wagner Act of 1935.

THE CONCENTRATION of workers in heavy, more easily organizable industries, increased enormously by the war, brought American unions to peak strength. The old generation of labor leaders could look with pride on their accomplishments at precisely the moment in American history when new values and new demographic patterns were eroding their position. Veterans of the Depression and the war launched the great diaspora to the impersonal suburbs, and the generation which exemplified solidarity failed to pass this precious ideal on to its children.

A vignette may illuminate this point: a woman I know has been teaching math in a public school for about 35 years. Before the American Federation of Teachers organized the system in the early 1960s, she was practically in serfdom, and her salary now is hardly equitable—I wouldn't teach forty seventh-graders math four periods a day for $100,000 a year. Now the school board is welshing on a three-year contract and the question is, Should the teachers strike?

She is bitter: "Fifteen years ago we would have walked out and told the board to let us know when they have fired enough of those Mickey Mouse assistant principals, guidance counselors, special-education types to meet our contract. The place would have shut down. Today I'm not sure a third of us would go out. The young wiseacres would chuckle at us for our naïveté and rush to divide the loot, the benefits we fought for and they take for granted."

Thus Lane Kirkland and the AFL-CIO find themselves in a historical enfilade, shot at from one side by old-fashioned "malefactors of great wealth," and from the other by the Me Generation, which thinks solidarity is a slogan for cripples unable to look after Number One. □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The Year of Europe

On The Right

New York, Dec. 4—Sad to say, the Soviet Union is superbly situated even after Mr. Reagan's speech. Reagan proposes, after all, nothing very different from what the Soviet Union has known all along it can get, namely the cancellation of our inchoate program in return for the abandonment of their established program. An analysis in purely economic terms, and no doubt these are among those being pressed within the Kremlin by the hawks, is to the disadvantage of the Soviet Union. If today they were to agree to Mr. Reagan's proposals, they would need to pull back, and dismantle, five-hundred-odd missiles. We, by contrast, could stop producing ours, and forgo the expense of their installation. Quite apart from the notorious reluctance of the Soviet Union to move back from any forward position it has achieved, there is little to lose from simply—waiting.

For what? Well, for one thing the Soviet Union is by no means reluctant for the United States to spend $20 to $30 billion that might conceivably prove an unnecessary expense. But what they have primarily to gain, of course, is a test of the ultimate power of the European countries' peace movement, concerning which designation more immediately. (See also "The Protracted Conflict.")

Mr. Joseph Sobran, the bright and witty columnist, has remarked yet one more terminological usurpation by the Left. To call those who, without compensating concessions by the Soviet Union, are prepared to dismantle our defensive arsenal in Europe members of a "peace movement" would be like saying that Neville Chamberlain led the peace movement in Great Britain during the late Thirties, or that Henry Wallace led the peace movement during the Forties. The Soviet Union has from now until mid-1983 to ascertain exactly what will be the consolidated picture within Europe on the designated eve of the deployment of our Pershing and cruise missiles designed to counteract the Soviet weapons.

What are the experts in the Kremlin predicting?

Spain: Situation unsettled. Possibility of army coup. But Spain not member of NATO and possibility of stalling there good. Spain not designated as area for deployment of Theater Nuclear Forces (TNF).

Great Britain: "Peace" movement has taken over Labor Party. Chances remote but not inconceivable that Labor, perhaps in combination with Liberals, might control next government, in which case goodbye NATO. But even then, peace movement strong.

France: Mitterrand has been acting resolute. But he is dogmatic socialist, and, if he is surrounded by capitulationists, we can handle his *force de frappe*.

Italy: Since de Gasperi, its politics have been subservient. To the West now, to the East tomorrow, if that is the way the wind is blowing.

West Germany: Crucial. But we are strong there, through Willy Brandt and increasingly through Helmut Schmidt, who can't keep his Left together. Here is the area for creative diplomacy, where we can dangle German reunification in return for Austrian-type neutralism. We can go heavy on that pressure as we near critical date in 1983 . . .

ALTHOUGH it is sensible to remind ourselves that the Soviet Union does not always act rationally, it is chaotic to make plans based other than on the assumption of Soviet self-interest. It is difficult to doubt the proposition that if the Soviet Union were entirely convinced that its race for tactical, theater, and strategic supremacy were getting it exactly nowhere, then indeed the choice would be a nuclear exchange—or genuine disarmament. The choice of the latter is clearly indicated. But not without the antecedent resolution necessary to convince the Soviet Union that it cannot have Europe for the asking.

Our test will not be with the Soviet Union—it isn't going to start a war while the Atlantic Alliance exists and Ronald Reagan is President. But if the Soviet Union can intimidate Western Europe into deserting that alliance, then the United States will need to face it.

Face what? Bringing our troops home, abandoning Europe, vesting our faith in our strategic weapons and our submarines, and bombers from such enclaves of resistance as might hold out. The year ahead, then, is the test of Europe, not the Soviet Union. And, indeed, the President's speech was really aimed at Europe. □

OREMUS PRO EPISCOPIS

New York, Dec. 5—The National Conference of Catholic Bishops has acted as though it forgot to open its sessions with prayer for guidance. Either that, or the Lord was fearfully preoccupied, because the bishops could not have done worse if they had issued a road map produced by blind men at a rummage sale. The goals they seek are not served by following their advice.

On the issue of nuclear force, the bishops are of course correct in asserting that the use of it would mean most awful human destruction. But the bishops speak to those who listen, and these are not substantially represented within the Soviet Union, whence the only serious threat of the use of nuclear weapons issues. The purpose of a counter-arsenal in the West is not to advance the chance of war but to diminish it. Pope Pius XII in 1947, in a statement universally interpreted as sanctioning the use of defensive nuclear weapons, stated that some things are "of such importance"—meaning, of course, human freedom and the cultivation of spiritual values—that their defense by appropriate means is morally justified.

On the issue of the nation's poor, the bishops' apparent opposition to Ronald Reagan's program is one of those flashes of true ignorance which bring pity, rather than indignation. If the bishops were merely trying to convey that a great deal of hot food and vitamins can be purchased by money that is otherwise going to the construction of B-1 bombers, then that statement is as true as that the hungry cannot eat the gold chalices with

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which the priesthood regularly celebrates the sacraments. But just as there is spiritual yearning for the great cathedral of Chartres, and the hallowed vaults of St. Patrick's, so is there a yearning, also spiritual, for the freedoms we celebrate only because we have bombers at our disposal.

If the bishops are criticizing Mr. Reagan's program on the grounds that there is a reduction in federal welfare spending, then they are ignorant of the causes of human affluence. We preside over the greatest welfare enterprise in the history of the world, and this is made possible because we have learned how to accumulate a surplus. And this we managed to do by controlling inflation (the most savage enemy of the poor) and by encouraging thrift, savings, and enterprise. To go to war against Ronald Reagan on the grounds that he will distribute 10 per cent fewer food stamps to the middle class is to distance Catholic ecclesiastical thought from the whole of the economic discipline.

On the matter of abortion, the bishops have made a sad mistake. They truly believe that the human fetus is entitled to the same protections as the black 21-year-old male five generations ago, a slave. The war against *Roe* v. *Wade* has been, quite properly, a war at all levels. But it wasn't the bishops who stressed the constitutional arrogance of the decision that suddenly legitimized abortions everywhere. They taught, instead, the sanctity of life, stressing the arbitrariness of deeming life to exist only at the moment when the fetus is removed from the mother and is suddenly transported into fresh air and the protections of the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments to the Constitution. The bishops, with the enthusiastic help of a constituency that can only be compared to the abolitionists of 150 years ago, waged moral war against those who believe that human birth is an act of biological transubstantiation.

But suddenly they have become tacticians, backing the bill of Senator Orrin Hatch, which would return to the states, by constitutional amendment, the right to make decisions on whether, when, and how abortions might be undertaken. Now there is reason for thoughtful laymen to back the Hatch Amendment (although it will not be passed). But none for the bishops to back it. Because the bishops should not be concerned with process, tactics, dealings, wheelings. Abraham Lincoln in his finest hour rejected the Kansas-Nebraska bill, the equivalent of the Hatch Amendment. Professor Harry V. Jaffa, in his monumental book *The House Divided*, showed how Lincoln's reasoning was that an individual moral question had to be settled (are blacks human beings?) before the organizational question could be deferred to (should Kansas and Nebraska have "free choice"?). It is the bishops' task, pure and simple, to tell us about what they are consecrated to study, namely the moral issue. It is up to the Hatches, and other senators, to decide how, in order to get from A to B, we need to travel politically.

The bishops have been sorely misled. The result, unhappily, will be their loss of the only kind of authority to which they should aspire. □

THE BISHOP FROM S.C.

New York, Dec. 15 —At the impressive church on the outskirts of Greenwich, Connecticut, with a choir very nearly as sublime as the themes it sings about, was a visiting Catholic bishop from Charleston, South Carolina, a great imposing figure, with a voice to match, introduced as the visiting "homilist." The bishop weighed in on the subject of "social justice." It is no wonder that he used the word "justice" as frequently as he did, because he subsumed in it virtually every documented Christian virtue. For instance, he asseverated, there can be no love without "justice." After a while it became clear that he did not distinguish between justice and social justice, using the two terms interchangeably, and thereby causing some confusion, because justice is more easily defined, in and outside of theological discussion, than social justice. But this was only the beginning of the bishop's confusions.

It is not widely known among non-Catholics that sermons that touch on current controversies are extremely rare. The impression is widely reached that Sunday mornings, for Catholic communicants, are devoted to homilies on abortion, or on Communism, or on civil disobedience, or on whatever was the issue that figured most prominently in the week's news. It happens that this isn't so. For instance, I have yet to hear a sermon on the subject of Ireland—not one. And I have heard only two on the subject of abortion, one on the subject of the Vietnam War. It is generally safe to say that just as Catholics do not place community song, or common prayer, high in their liturgical tradition, neither do they celebrate the sermon. It was not until Vatican II that a general scolding was given on the subject, the homily being prescribed as integral to the Mass. Daily Masses habitually omitted it altogether, and many churches suspended the sermon during the summer. It was thought rather an accretion, and it does not really surprise that the greatest homilist of the nineteenth century came in from the Episcopal Church (Newman), and in the twentieth century (Sheen, Sheed), the first achieved his reputation speaking over the radio, the second as a layman.

But the bishop of Charleston, South Carolina could be ignored only if one attended church wearing one of those Sony portable ear-to-ear machines used by joggers and commuters to drown out distractions. The bishop announced that the Church was rising to the challenge of social justice, and he gave two illustrations.

In his early years as curate, he said, he had served in the death house at a state penitentiary, and six times he was as close to the man being executed "as to this microphone." He described the smell of burning flesh and the movement of the executioner's arm up the voltage scale to "18,000 volts of death-dealing electricity." One of the six, said the bishop, was discovered years later to have been innocent. This last datum was rendered in triumphalist accents, inviting the conclusion that a miscarriage of justice is an indictment of a jurisprudence, which reasoning is of course as vulnerable as the assumption that a mischievous bishop is an indictment of the institution of the priesthood.

Having then called for the abolition of capital punishment on the grounds that "its time has passed," and omitting to explain exactly what it is that we now know about capital punishment that we didn't know about it at a time when no theological opposition to it had been categorically formulated, the bishop went on to talk about prison conditions, which he denounced as dehumanizing. This is of course true, but it is also something that can be said about West Point, or about most monasteries; and, as a matter of fact, the death cells of this country are, in contrast with other prison facilities, relatively luxurious, providing privacy, which of all the requirements of humankind is surely the first, after food and shelter.

Then the bishop talked about a man who was let out of prison having been had up for rape—when the real offender, years after the fact, confessed to the crime. And do you know what that man did, the bishop asked?

He committed suicide. He didn't have anybody to advise him, because he was poor, to sue the state.

That suggests to the worldly wise that the legal fraternity in South Carolina is asleep, and that is only half bad, and hasn't a great to do with social justice.

The bishops have been very active of late. The Ordinary of Charleston having outlawed capital punishment, perhaps he will proceed to outlaw murder. But the bishops are stirring, and their involvement in public policy saddens, and one recalls the late Willi Schlamm, who defined scientists as men who first build the Brooklyn Bridge, then buy it. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Where to find the Christmas story — 25 168 172 156 179 171

B. Part of the day (or night?) — 30 41 191 104 22 136 181

C. Short-lived creatures — 40 137 13 194 99 185 3 147 187

D. The son of WORD R — 49 196 180 31 148 4 188

E. The mayor of New York City, 1887-88 — 64 197 186 165 6 157

F. One who tenders — 74 27 83 100 139 125 43

G. An examination for relief recipients — 85 45 33 198 57 140 127 114 110

H. A prolific author — 117 175 134 169 73 149 26 164 118

I. Ebullition — 5 14 17 21 29 32

J. To affirm positively — 138 9 20 42 68 76 93 106 111 116

K. One of America's greatest poets — 170 119 39 60 18 89 144 80 52 63

L. Generosity — 183 8 23 55 77 102 120 54 130 133

M. Do my ___ deceive me? (question by a senator) — 189 87 200 96

N. A pet term for an animal — 78 46 145 184 35 190

O. Vehicles drawn by certain beasts of burden — 15 126 62 24 34 38 44

P. Omnipresence — 109 88 95 163 143 103 129 176

Q. Where Polly sits and sells seashells — 124 2 19 53 67 71 11 91 50 128 154

R. One of Scrooge's employees — 199 70 59 101 1 36 141 90

S. What does the donkey say? — 153 79 92 122 37 135

T. A famous stone — 195 150 115 82 160 132 123

U. An O.T. prophet — 10 151 174 61 65 158

V. A Christmas carol — 48 161 51 69 16 28 75 81 105 112 121

W. What James E. Carter Jr. considered himself to be — 56 178 173 107 94 84 66

X. The French Communists' creed — 58 86 146 192 131 97 7 167

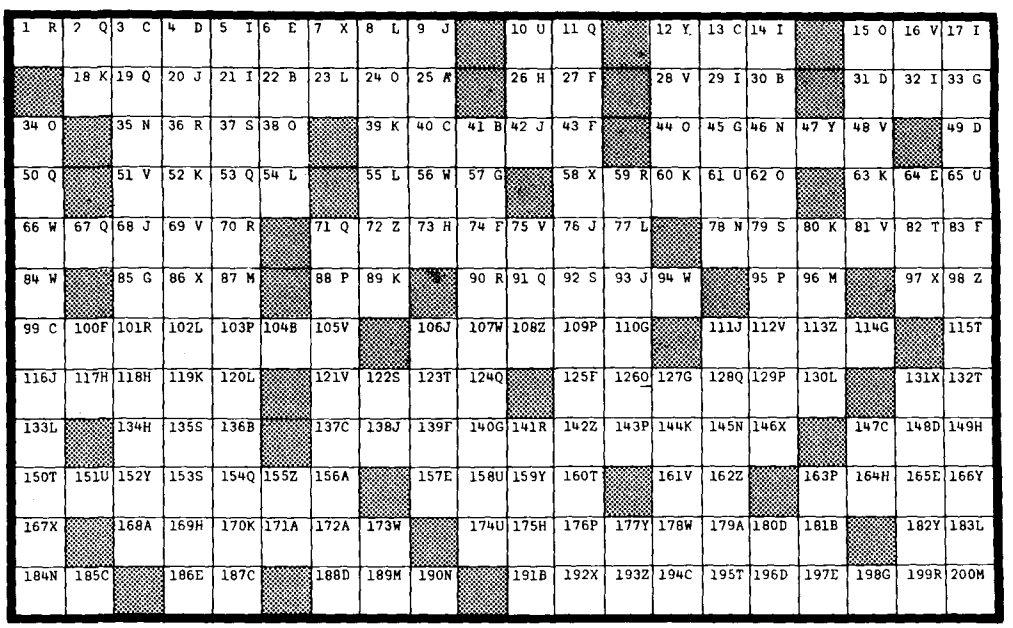
Y. A trial — 159 12 166 182 47 152 177

Z. An arachnid — 162 142 98 155 193 113 108 72

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1564 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



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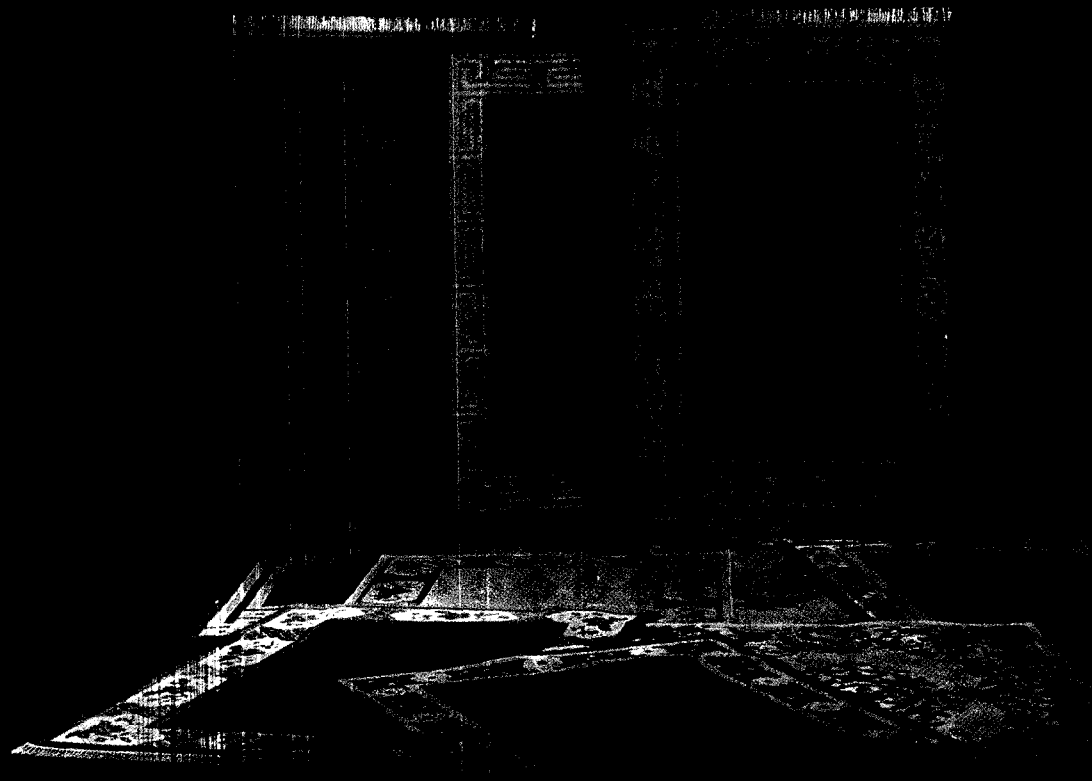

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"It's a tremendous technological challenge, but the reward is tremendous, too: inexhaustible energy for tomorrow."

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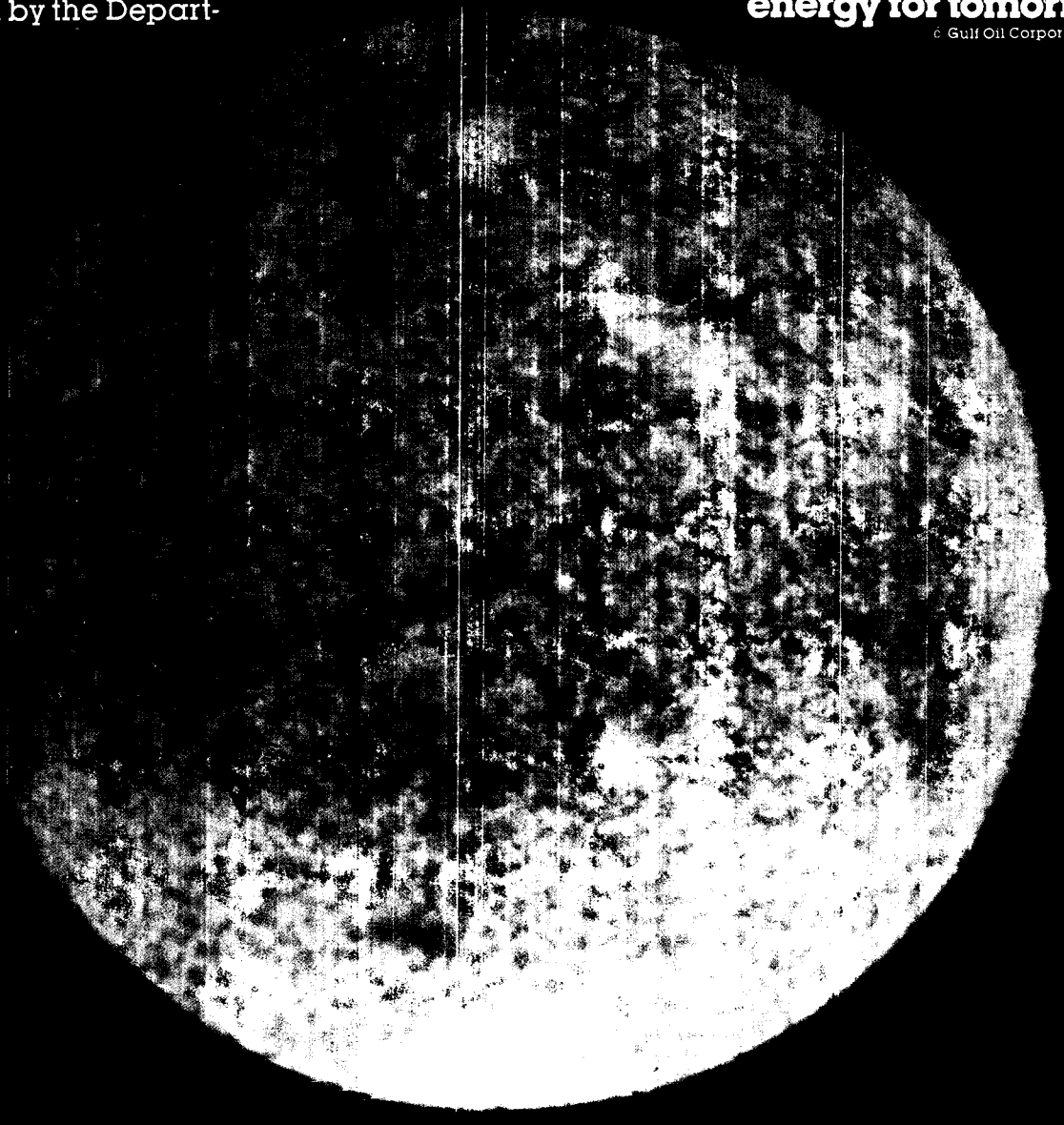

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